This Book Must be protected in Wet Weather.

No. H 1563

HAMMERSMITH PUBLIC LIBRARIES
LENDING DEPARTMENTS

1. THIS BOOK MUST BE RETURNED WITHIN FOURTEEN DAYS FROM THE DATE OF ISSUE, but the loan may be renewed for a further period of fourteen days on notice being given to the Librarian, either personally, in writing, or by telephone, and provided it is not required by another borrower. (In renewing please quote above number and date of return).
2. BORROWERS DETAINING BOOKS BEYOND THE AUTHORISED PERIOD will be liable to a fine of ONE PENNY PER WEEK or portion of a week for each book so detained.
3. Hours of opening are: Weekdays 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. (College Park Branch, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 p.m. to 9 p.m). On Wednesdays all lending departments are open 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. only. Closed on Sunday and Public Holidays and at other times by authority of the Council.

4. Books that have been exposed to any infectious disease must be returned to the office of the Medical Officer of Health for disinfection.
5. Books should be kept clean, protected from wet weather, and any damage or imperfection reported.
6. Students who require extra books for special purposes should apply to the Librarian. Any book may be reserved (non-fiction, free of charge).
7. Readers may propose books for addition to the Library, and their suggestions will receive careful consideration.
8. The Librarian has power to refuse books and may suspend or cancel tickets of borrowers who fail to comply with the regulations.

K. G. HUNT, B.A., F.L.A.,
Chief Librarian.

FM (H251) 8.39

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

ILFRACOMBE
Morte Bay
Morte Pt
Braunton
Wrafton
BARNSTAPLE BAY
BARNSTAPLE
Barnstaple
APPLEDORE
Northam
Instow
Westward Ho
Hartland Pt
HARTLAND
Clovelly
Bideford
Littleham
Alwington
Parkham
Woolfardisworth
Buckland Brewer
Monkleigh
TORRINGTON
Frithelstock
Langtree
Weare Gifford
Bradworthy
Abbots Bickington
Sutcombe
Pancrasweek
Milton Damerel
Kilkhampton
STRATTON
Launceston
Lifton
Coryton
Lawhitton
Lezant
North Hill
Stoke Climsland
Callington
Liskeard
Coombe Junc
St Keyne
Menheniot
Landrake
Causeland
Saltash
Defiance
St Germans
Looe
Looe Bay
Whitesand Bay
Rame
Rame Hd
Penlee Pt
Plymouth
Devonport
Stonehouse
Mutley
Mannamead
Plymstock
Elburton
Elburton Cross
Bilbao
Oreston
Turnchapel
Hooe
Plymouth Sound
Staddon Point
Wembury
Revelstoke
Yealm Mouth
Stoke Pt
Bigbury Bay
Challaborough
Burgh Island
Bolt Tail
Bolt Head
Prawle Pt
Start Point
Start Bay
Sands
Stoke Fleming
Dartmouth
Kingswear
Townstall
Blackpoint
Woodleigh
Loddiswell
E Allington
Kingston
Aveton Gifford
Modbury
Bigbury
Ringmore
Kingsbridge
Salcombe
Malborough
Hope Cove
Thurlestone
Sherford
S Milton
Stokenham
Chillington
Torcross
Slapton
Strete
Blackawton
Stoke Gabriel
Totnes
Dartington
Staverton
Rattery
Buckfastleigh
Broadhempston
Ashburton
Dunsford
Holne
Princetown
Two Bridges
Dartmoor
Whitchurch Down
Horrabridge
Yelverton
Roborough
Meavy
Sheepstor
Cadover Bridge
Shaugh Br
Plym Bridge
Marsh Mills
Plympton
Plympton St Mary
Sparkwell
Ivybridge
Cornwood
Lee Moor
Wrangaton
Brent
Avonwick
Aish
Diptford
Harbertonford
Harberton
Ashprington
Tuckenhay
Bow
Bridford
Dunsford
Doddiscombsleigh
Christow
Ashton
Trusham
Chudleigh
Heathfield
Bovey Tracey
Lustleigh
Moretonhampstead
Chagford
Throwleigh
Gidleigh
Sandypark
Whiddon Down
Okehampton
Okehampton Camp
Belstone
Sticklepath
Zeal Monachorum
Crediton
Newton St Cyres
Cowley
Upton Hellions
Thorverton
Cadeleigh
Bickleigh
Tiverton
Tiverton Jct
Bampton
Dulverton
Exford
Simonsbath
Withypool
Winsford
Hawkridge
Exmoor
Molland
South Molton
Chittlehampton
Chittlehamholt
Umberleigh
Chulmleigh
Eggesford
Witheridge
Thelbridge
Washfordpyne
Crediton
Down St Mary
Shobrooke
Morchard Bishop
Lapford
Coleford
Copplestone
Yeoford
Bow
Zeal Monachorum
Spreyton
Drewsteignton
Hittisleigh
Cheriton Fitzpaine
Stoke Canon
Poltimore
Pinhoe
Exeter
Whitestone
Dunsford
Longdown
Kenn
Kenton
Starcross
Powderham
Exminster
Alphington
Ide
Mamhead
Haldon
Dawlish
Teignmouth
Shaldon
Ringmore
Combeinteignhead
Torquay
Paignton
Brixham
Churston Ferrers
Goodrington
Kingskerswell
Newton Abbot
Teigngrace
Teignmouth
Dawlish
Starcross
Exmouth
Lympstone
Topsham
Countess Wear
Exeter
Clyst St Mary
Clyst St George
Sidmouth
Budleigh Salterton
Otterton
Colaton Raleigh
Newton Poppleford
Harpford
Sidford
Sidbury
Honiton
Ottery St Mary
Tipton St John
Payhembury
Broadhembury
Upottery
Dunkeswell
Luppitt
Hemyock
Culmstock
Uffculme
Cullompton
Kentisbeare
Blackborough
Rockbeare
Whimple
Talaton
Clyst Honiton
Clyst St Mary
Sowton
Pinhoe
Broadclyst
Poltimore
Huxham
Stoke Canon
Thorverton
Upton Pyne
Exwick
Duryard
Heavitree
Whipton
Mount Radford
St Thomas
Alphington
Ide
Kenton

HAMMERSMITH
PUBLIC
LIBRARIES

942·35

DEVON

914·235

The Shire of the Sea Kings.

(FIFTH EDITION.)

NSC
U690
C

SHEPHERD'S BUSH
Stock No. H/1563
Class 942.35D GRE
Date July 1927

Stock No. 6802
Class U690
Date R. July 1927

Issued by the
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY,
PADDINGTON STATION,
LONDON, W. 2.

FELIX J. C. POLE,
General Manager.

January, 1924.

[COPYRIGHT.]

While the Company have endeavoured to ensure correctness in the compilation of this Guide, they do not accept any liability for the information given or for any omissions or errors.

Contents.

		PAGE
	PREFACE	3
1.	EXETER, THE CAPITAL OF THE WEST . .	8
2.	EXETER AS A TRAVEL-CENTRE, AND MID-DEVON	21
3.	TORQUAY AND THE SUNNY SHORES OF SOUTH DEVON: Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Paignton, Brixham	28
4.	THE SUNNY SHORES OF SOUTH DEVON: Dartmouth, Kingswear, Totnes and the River Dart	41
5.	THROUGH THE SOUTH HAMS: The Country of the Avon, the Erme, and the Yealm . . .	50
6.	SOUTH BRENT, IVYBRIDGE, and the PLYMPTONS	57
7.	PLYMOUTH: THE HOME OF THE SEA KINGS .	61
8.	DARTMOOR: ITS LITERATURE, LEGENDS, LAYS, AND LANDMARKS: Tavistock and the Western Borderlands	70
9.	DARTMOOR: ITS ROADS, RIVERS, ROCKS, AND RESTING-PLACES; Yelverton, Newton Abbot, Manaton, Bovey Tracey, Moretonhampstead, and Chagford	76
10.	DARTMOOR AND THE UPPER DART, HOLNE CHASE AND ASHBURTON	86
11.	THE EXE VALLEY: Tiverton, Bampton, and Dulverton—In the footsteps of R. D. Blackmore .	97
12.	EXMOOR: The Home and Hunting-ground of the wild Red Deer	108
13.	LYNMOUTH, LYNTON, AND THE LYN COUNTRY	113
14.	THE HINTERLAND OF EXMOOR: South Molton, Barnstaple, the Capital of North Devon, Charles Kingsley's Country	121
15.	ILFRACOMBE AND THE NORTH-WEST DEVON LITTORAL: Mortehoe and Woolacombe Sands, Combe Martin and Parracombe	127
	INDEX	135
	APPENDIX: Golf Courses, G.W.R. Motor Car Services, etc.	137

AUG 27

Portrait of Sir Francis Drake.
(*By permission of M. Godefroy Mayer, of Paris.*)

VERA EFFIGIES CLARISSIMI VIRI DOMINI GUALTHERI RALEGH EQV. AUR.
The true and lively portraiture
of the honourable and learned Knight
Sr. Walter Ralegh.
AMORE ET VIRTVTE

Portrait of Sir Walter Ralegh.

DEVON

THE SHIRE OF THE SEA KINGS.

Preface.

THE County of Devon may fairly be described as the playground *par excellence* of the West, and that in the most comprehensive sense of the term. Michael Drayton and Thomas Fuller, who wrote both in verse and prose of Devonshire in the seventeenth century, justify the praise they lavished on the subject of their theme, by the existence of a certain "self-containedness" which materially assisted the Devonians to get more enjoyment out of life than the majority of their less favoured neighbours. The men of Devon wove their wool, made their cyder, reaped their rich harvests, and waxed merry over what Herrick, the poet-parson of Dean Prior, terms their "nut brown mirth and russet wit," which appears to have taken the congenial form of a perpetual round of wakes, quintells, morris-dances, shearing feasts, wassail-bowls, harvest homes, mummeries and Christmas revellings. The phenomenal extent of the northern and southern littorals, moreover, greatly favoured the free exportation of home products, as well as the importation, without let or hindrance, of every sort of foreign commodity, many of them luxuries and including possibly a certain amount of contraband. It was from the numerous harbours of Devon that men like Drake

Grenville, Raleigh, Hawkins, Davis, the Gilberts and other hardy and daring " adventurers " set out on the voyages of discovery which were to lay the foundation of that greater Britain which lies beyond the seas, and when England in " the spacious times of Great Elizabeth " was threatened with the dangers of a Spanish invasion, it was Devon that provided the best equipped ships of the home fleet, captained by such sturdy Sea Kings as Francis Drake, John Hawkins, and Martin Frobisher. (Devon, too, " true to breed," supplied her quota to the glorious British Naval Forces which swept the seas in 1914–18.) William Browne of Tavistock was born almost before the excitement occasioned by the appearance of the " Invincible Armada " in the Channel had subsided. He is supposed to have died at Ottery in the early days of the Civil War. Browne's admiration for Devonian " self-containedness " exceeded that of his clerical contemporary at Dean Prior. For him a love of the shire of his birth was a second religion, and he only re-echoed the feelings of his heart when he exclaimed in jubilant enthusiasm :—

" Hail thou my native soil ! thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not.
Show me who can so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed valleys or aspiring hills ;
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines
Such rocks in which the diamond fairly shines.
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea ruling men.
Time never can induce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus ; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost."

For William Browne, at any rate, Devonshire was the " Shire of the Sea Kings " and something more. In all probability he only voiced the opinion of the generation to which he belonged. More than a century and a half passed away before a far greater poet than Browne arrived in Devonshire, and, having pitched his tent at Teignmouth,

began to write verses with a lighter hand than the almost forgotten "Bard of the Tavy." John Keats was by descent a Westcountryman, and he gladdened the heart of his friend Haydon, a Devonian to the finger-tips, by such tuneful lines as :—

"For there's Bishop's Teign
And King's Teign,
And Coombe at the clear Teign-head—
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread."

or—

"Over the hill and over the dale
And over the Bourne to Dawlish
Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale
And ginger-bread nuts are smallish."

By this time the "self-containedness" of Drayton, Fuller, and Herrick had lost most of its pristine importance, and holiday-makers of the better class were already finding their way to the "land of junket and cream," not by reason of the advantages set forth by the old writers, but because they began to realise the fact that no other English county presented so great a variety of climatic conditions and so many different features of natural and historic interest as Devonshire. It is now nearly a century since Keats completed "Endymion" while tending a dying brother in a modest Teignmouth lodging-house. "Self-containedness" is a thing of the past, and Devonshire is the Mecca of the modern holiday-maker be he or she in quest of health, rest, change, sunshine, amusement, instruction, or sport. The *terra incognita* portrayed by Drayton in his "Polyolbion" as a land of mountains, rocks, and flowing streams (chiefly peopled by musicians and mermaids) is gaining ground in public favour every day, and it is generally recognised that the possibilities of Devonshire as one of the most popular travel-centres are practically infinite. Exacting indeed must be the intending traveller who cannot find the locality suitable to his or her taste or requirements within the four corners of a county which can offer you at once the mildness of Madeira or Monte Carlo, and the bracing and exhilarating air of the Yorkshire Moors or the heather-clad mountains of Scotland. In "Ever Faithful" Exeter the

visitor finds himself at every turn face to face with the visible memorials of an eventful past; he can, at will, conjure up visions of the days when Norman and Saxon, Yorkist and Lancastrian, King and Parliament struggled for the possession of the "Red Mound," and he will assuredly find much to interest him in the glorious cathedral which tells the story of English ecclesiastical architecture for wellnigh a thousand years, but he knows full well that both Dartmoor and Exmoor may be easily reached, and that some of the best sea and river fishing, golfing, and yachting to be obtained in the United Kingdom are close at hand. In this particular sense the "self-containedness" of Devonshire is as strongly marked as ever. The greater part of the seaside resorts of both North and South Devon are accessible from Exeter, while an hour's journey over the picturesque Exe Valley Line brings you to Dulverton, the favourite trysting-place of the angler and the hunters of the wild red deer, which may fairly be described as the southern gate of Exmoor. The drive thence to Lynmouth through the Barle or Exe Valley is one of surpassing beauty, the hill and river scenery which characterises the last portion of it reminding one forcibly of the finest parts of Switzerland.

The names of many Devonian watering-places have become household words all over the world, but there are still certain less known spots, both on the Coast and in the Moorlands, which amply merit the attention of holiday-makers and sportsmen. Some of these offer special attractions to the angler and the golfer as well as to the lover of the picturesque. The gradual extension of coach and motor services in several directions has opened up health and pleasure-resorts hitherto comparatively unknown—intending pilgrims should study the Great Western Railway Motor Coach Time-tables. It was with this object that "The Shire of the Sea Kings" was added early in 1907 to the series of travel-books issued by the Great Western Railway, whose lines afford rapid and direct communication with every part of the county. Its success can fairly be described as phenomenal. The first four issues have been exhausted. The pages of this edition, like those of its predecessors, will deal as concisely as may be, not only with the numerous advantages possessed by Exeter, Newton Abbot and other

The Spanish Armada off Plymouth.
(*From a rare engraving.*)

Fingle Bridge, Dartmoor.

Devonian travel-centres, but with the best means of carrying out and enjoying an excursion by land, sea, or river.

Of South Devon in early spring time it has been truly said: "There is something almost unbelievable in this profusion of flowering trees, climbing creepers and palms, in steep and riotous descent among the rocks, sometimes seen fantastically against the sky, and sometimes in clustered colours chequering the deep turquoise of the sea below. . . . In all this talk of the beauty of the Devon coast one must not think that it is enervating, for from this region some of England's greatest sailors have come, and the sea, indeed, courses through the blood of Devon."

A tour in Devonshire may be as long or as short as one desires, but a sojourn in the "Shire of the Sea Kings" if once tried is likely to be often repeated. The endless variety of the attractions it offers obviates the possibility of either weariness or disappointment, but the profit and pleasure afforded by a pilgrimage into Devonshire will be considerably increased by an intelligent study beforehand of such information as will enable the holiday-maker to accomplish his projected tour as conveniently and expeditiously as possible.

I. Exeter, the Capital of the West.

The Ever-Faithful City of the Red Mound.

IT is certainly not in any way surprising that at least three generations of British and American travellers have frankly acknowledged the claims of Devonshire's historic capital to rank as one of the pleasantest and most picturesque places of pilgrimage to be found within the length and breadth of the British Isles. In the dim ages which preceded the dawn of Christianity under the Celtic designation of Penhalte Cayre, the Exe and its tributaries already encircled a primitive aggregation of dwellings described by Geoffrey of Monmouth* as "a city walled and of the most reputation, worship, defense, and defensible of all these parties." The very name it then bore is entirely forgotten, but for some fifteen centuries "Isca Damnoniorum, Caer Wisc,† Exanceaster, Exeter, essentially the same name under all changes, stands distinguished as the one great English city which has, in a more marked way than any other, kept its unbroken being and its unbroken position throughout all ages." No other historian has explained the evolution of Exeter as clearly and concisely as Mr. Freeman, although the average holiday-maker may possibly prefer the lighter and less technical narrative contained in Mr. Baring-

* "Historic Towns," by Edward A. Freeman, London, 1901.

† In his admirable "A Book of the West" (London, 1889), now renamed "A Book of Devon," the Rev. S. Baring-Gould thus explains the origin of the time-honoured name of the great cathedral city of the West:—"Exeter, the Isca Dumnoniorum (Freeman gives it as Damnoniorum) of the Romans was the Celtic Caer Wisc; that is to say the Caer or fortress of the Usk. The river name has become Exe; it derives from the Celtic word which signifies water, and which we have in whiskey and usquebaugh, *i.e.* fire water."

Gould's "Book of the West," and Dr. Doran's "Memories of our Great Towns." All three writers, approaching the same subject from different points of view, arrive at one and the same opinion as to the exceptional and surpassing interest which "Ever Faithful Exeter" must for all time present to every intelligent member of the great Anglo-Saxon race. "The city," writes Mr. Freeman, "which has sat on its hill as a dwelling-place of men, with an unbroken life of more than eighteen hundred years—the city by the side of which most of the capitals of Europe are things of yesterday—can hardly sink, like some of its fellows, to be a forsaken ruin or a common market-town. . . . The city in which Briton and Englishman have an equal share, the city which has stood so many sieges at the hands of so many enemies—the city which received one William at its eastern gate and the other at its western*—the city which still keeps at least the successors of the wall of Athelstan, the minster of Leofric, the castle of Baldwin, and the Guildhall of Shillingford—such a city as this can never lose its historic charm. A typical English city, alike in its greatness and its practical fall from greatness, but more than an English city in its direct connection with two states of things more ancient than the English name in Britain—the city alike of British, Roman, and Englishman, the one great prize of the Christian Saxon, the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ but where Christ never gave way to Woden—British Caerwisc, Roman Isca, West-Saxon Exeter, *may well stand first on our roll-call of English cities.* Others can boast of a fuller share of modern greatness; no other can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past."† To only one phrase uttered by Mr. Freeman regarding Exeter, does the present writer very humbly take exception. "*Exeter,*" he tells us, "*is emphatically a city of the past.*" The love and habit of travel have increased by leaps and bounds since the erudite Professor penned these words at Oxford. What was then the luxury of the rich is now the heritage of the middle classes and even the privilege of the poor. As one of the most notable touring-centres of south-western England, Exeter not only

* William I advanced against Exeter from Dorset. William III, having landed at Brixham, reached Exeter from the west, and there issued his famous manifesto to the people of England before proceeding to Sherborne Castle.

† "Historic Towns," Exeter.

rejoices in a prosperous present, but may look forward confidently to a still more prosperous future.

A little more than a hundred years ago Robert Southey, then Poet Laureate, travelled down, note-book in hand, to Exeter by coach, and placed on record his impression that the place was malodorous as well as ancient. A century and a half before that an Exeter Canon had frankly described it as "one of the nastyest and noysommest in the land." A very wide gulf divides the phenomenally healthy Exeter of to-day, with its low death-rate and up-to-date hygienic improvements, from the unsavoury Exeter Southey denounced and Kellett anathematised. The Corporation of Exeter is one of the oldest in England. Its state swords were the gifts of Edward IV and Henry VII, and from the first of our Tudor Sovereigns the City received the much prized Cap of Maintenance still carried before its chief magistrate. It is a well-ascertained fact that a mayor whose name has not descended to posterity reigned in 1206, and an historic pageant has commemorated the seven hundredth anniversary of Exeter's corporate existence. The earliest city charter extant is one granted by Henry II, but this is mainly a confirmation of existing rights granted by Henry I. It was in 1222 that the rights and immunities of the nineteen parish churches (most of which have survived the vicissitudes of six centuries) were established by ordinance. The majority of our sovereigns have visited the fair city to which Queen Elizabeth gave the proud device *semper fidelis*, henceforth inscribed beneath the civic arms, the supporters of which are "*two pegassis argent, their hoves and mane golde.*" Dr, Doran tells a capital story of the countryman who gravely asserted. "These be the two race horses that rinned upon Haldon wi' names of 'em put under *Scamper and Phillis.*"* Loyalty to the Crown has ever been an honoured tradition in Exeter, and the citizens declined on principle to abandon the righteous cause of York against Lancaster till long after the union of the Roses gave legality to the conjoined two. Queens of England, both Regnant and Consort, have often by a strange coincidence played a prominent part in Exeter history. Katherine of Arragon came there in the hey-day of youth and comeliness, and was

* "Memories of our Great Towns."

An old Map of Exeter.
(*From a rare print.*)

Exeter Cathedral.
(*From an old print.*)

The Nave, Exeter Cathedral.

entertained at a house adjoining the original church of St. Mary Major. The creaking of the weather-cock so disturbed her slumbers that the offending wind-gauge was promptly removed by the obsequious authorities. Queen Elizabeth's fondness for Exeter has already been alluded to, and the distinction she conferred upon it had not altogether lost its novelty when Queen Henrietta Maria arrived there on the May Day of 1644 and took up her abode at Bedford House, the site of which is now covered by a Georgian crescent. Next day the Chamber or Common Council made her a grant of £200, and six weeks later she gave birth to the daughter who became in after life the beautiful but unfortunate Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. The child was, in due course, christened "Henrietta Anne" in the Cathedral, the ponderous font of white marble now in use being specially provided for the occasion. "This Exeter Princess," says Dr. Doran, "was subsequently smuggled hence, and ultimately out of the kingdom, by Lady Morton. The lady was disguised as a beggar, the child passed for her son Peter—disguises that were not thrown off till the fugitives reached the other side of the Channel—when a coach and six carried them both to Paris. The little Exeter lady has left a name in history. She was the Henriette d'Angleterre of French memoirs, the nymph of many swains, the wife of the Duke of Orleans,* the victim of a poisoned glass of chicory water and the subject of one of the finest funeral orations of Bossuet." Dr. Doran omits to add that a fine full-length picture of the "Exeter Princess" hangs in the now restored and renovated Guildhall, or to tell his readers that no less a celebrity than Thomas Fuller, the author of "The Worthies of England,"† left his Dorset vicarage of Broadwindsor (some thirty odd miles away to the east as the crow flies) for the purpose of becoming chaplain to Lady Dalkeith, "Lady Governesse to Her Highnesse the Princesse Henrietta." To her he dedicated a tiny duodecimo volume, bristling

* One of the most detestable men of the most debased period of French history.

† In "The Worthies of England" first folio edition, London, 1662, Fuller says quaintly, "Henrietta, youngest childe of King Charles and Queen Mary (sic), was born at Bedford House in this City, *Anno* 1644, on the *sixteenth* day of *June*. After her long and sad night of affliction, the day dawn'd with her, in her Brother's happy returne Since she is marryed to the Duke of *Orleance*, I hope that I, once related unto her as a *Chaplain* may ever *pray* for her, that her soul may be sanctified with true Grace, and she enjoy both the Blessings of this and a Better life."

with epigrams, entitled : " Good Thoughts in Bad Times," printed in Exeter (1645), for one Thomas Hunt, and described rightly or wrongly as " the first-fruits of the Exeter Press." Soon after the " Joyful Restoration " of fifteen years later, when, on the 11th May, 1660, three hogsheads of good claret were turned out into the Exeter conduits for the benefit of all and sundry, Fuller published his famous work in which, as might reasonably be foreseen, he found much that was pleasant to say of Devonshire, " a goodly Province, so fruitful that it needs no art, and that Virgil, if now alive, might make additions to the Georgicks." In those days the Exeter Council was busily engaged in voting money and plate galore to the King, the Queen and the " Exeter Princess," and eleven years later the " Merry Monarch," having gone by sea to look at the new citadel at Plymouth, went back by land, and passed one night at the deanery in Exeter on his way. The " ever generous " as well as " ever faithful " city gave him £500 in gold, " which he graciously received, and expressed much favour towards the said city." He also knighted the Mayor, Benjamin Oliver ; but " the King's short abode in this city hindered the great conduit at Carfax from emptying herself of an hogshead of wine, which the city had provided in readiness for that purpose, and after his Majesty's departure, made a free disposition thereof for his service." The next year, with more pleasant words to the city, the King sent the large-handed Council the picture of his recently deceased sister " Madame d'Orleans," the " sweet babe " of the troublous times of 1644. Queen Mary loved Exeter because it had opened its gates to her husband, who never tired of paying homage to the beauty of the Devonian littoral. There is no record of Queen Anne's personal feelings towards the " Ever Faithful City," but Queen Caroline (George II's clever consort) loved it with all her heart on account of the " English *ortolans* " (wheatears) provided for the Royal table from the Exeter market-stalls. Dr. Doran says :* " If she (Queen Caroline) could not have got through her agents a dainty dish of these birds to set before the King, and take her full share of, she was almost capable of appearing in Exeter market itself, and buying up the whole supply." In 1789, her grandson George III came to Exeter, accompanied by Queen

* " Memories of our Great Towns."

Charlotte and the Royal Princesses, and with Madame d'Arblay (then still Fanny Burney) as a member of their suite. One looks vainly in her diary for an account of the celebrated dinner of boiled mutton and turnips, provided "by request" for the delectation of Lord Boringdon's Royal guests at Saltram. Queen Victoria was more than once an honoured guest in Exeter. She broke her journey on August 15th, 1856, from Plymouth to Bristol in order to receive a loyal address from the Mayor (Mr. T. G. Norris) and Corporation. On this occasion King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales), came for the first time to the "Ever Faithful City," which had in the past identified itself so closely with the fortunes of his ancestors.

Exeter may be reached from Paddington without a single stoppage in *three hours*. One has barely finished luncheon in the restaurant-car when the wooded slopes of Stoke and the winding course of the Exe remind you that you are approaching the "City of many Waters," the eventful history of which has been faintly outlined in the preceding pages. Anything more than a short sketch is manifestly beyond the scope of the present volume. The names of standard works dealing with the subject from various aspects have already been indicated, and a trustworthy guide has been prepared under the auspices of a Corporation which is evidently conscious of its responsibility for adopting the view now propounded and not that enunciated by Mr. Freeman as to the present condition and future possibilities of Exeter. It is, however, necessary to say something, as concisely as may be, of two of Exeter's historic monuments, *viz.* its Castle and Cathedral.

Exeter owed the existence of the once massive fortress which crowned the Red Mound (doubtless a formidable stronghold in Norman, British, Roman, and Saxon times) to the initiative of the William welcomed at her eastern gate. The defences which contented Athelstan and Alfred did not satisfy the Conqueror, and the carrying out of the contemplated works, as well as the command of the castle when finished, were entrusted by William I to Baldwin, the enumeration of whose vast possessions in Devon fills many pages of Domesday Book. In Mr. Freeman's "Exeter" will be found an excellent little map of the city as it was about A.D. 1080, with the churches of St. Sidwell and St. David without the walls and Rougemont Castle in the

northern angle of the defences planned by "Sheriff" Baldwin. In 1331, the fortress, now wellnigh three centuries old, was "seized into the King's hands," and six years later made an appanage of the duchy of Cornwall. In the middle of Edward IV's reign commenced that second series of sieges of Exeter which only terminated in the seventeenth century. Richard III arrived in Exeter during the month of November, 1483, but his coming was not bloodless, although the Mayor welcomed him with all "solemnity and outward joy." Mr. Freeman tells in a few words the oft-repeated story of "Crook Back" and Rougemont, possibly the most famous and certainly the best known of Exeter's historic anecdotes. "When the King," he writes, "heard the name of Rougemont," he was, in the words of an all but contemporary writer, "suddenly fallen into a great dump, and as it were a man amazed." Shakespeare has made Richard himself tell the tale in more polished words :—

> Richmond! when I was last at Exeter,
> The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
> And called it Rougemont—at which name I started;
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
> I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
>
> * * * * * *

The soothsaying came true. Richard did not live very long after he saw Rougemont Castle, and he lived a short time indeed after he saw Richmond in the person of its "Earl." After the defeat of Perkin Warbeck, Henry VII came to Exeter, bringing the captive rebel in his train. It was then that the cap of maintenance and the second sword gladdened the hearts of the Exeter councilmen. Early in James I's reign, Rougemont had become a "naked gap," but that fact notwithstanding the city had to encounter the vicissitudes of the Civil Wars. The ruins of Rougemont still possess a certain interest, and Mr. Baring-Gould calls attention to the presence of Anglo-Saxon work, exemplified by herring-bone masonry and windows rudely fashioned without arches.

By far the most useful guide to the Cathedral Church of St. Peter is a little volume of sixty pages written by the late Rev. Chancellor Edmonds, who acted as cicerone to many distinguished visitors. The

The Choir, Exeter Cathedral.

The Cathedral and Bishop's Palace, Exeter.

Rougemont Castle, Exeter.

Chancellor would probably not have agreed with Mr. Baring-Gould that the impression produced by the stately edifice, now rapidly nearing the thousandth year of its existence, is disappointing, because it is built of the "cold and grey" stone of Beer, instead of the warm, red sandstone which contributes so much to the picturesqueness of so many of the Exeter churches. Mr. Gould also points out that, in adapting the Norman towers to the requirements of transepts, the loftiness of proportion one might have looked for was ruthlessly sacrificed. Be this as it may, one is bound to confess that the interest centred in the "old foundation" of St. Peter, reared by pious and skilful hands on the time-honoured spot for over a thousand years the heart of Exeter, is of quite an exceptional character. Few of our English Cathedrals can, like that of Exeter, boast of still possessing the original Charter recording the foundation of the See,* and both the late Chancellor Edmonds and Dr. Freeman are evidently disinclined to admit the justice of Mr. Baring-Gould's qualified praise. "Nowhere," says the former, "is there a cathedral of greater originality, of more complete harmony, of more obvious and striking unity." "The church at Exeter," writes Dr. Freeman, "forms a class of itself. As far as details go, no building of its age shows us the taste of that age in greater perfection." Chancellor Edmonds contends with much reason that Exeter Cathedral "does not hold its high place in the hierarchy of churches in virtue of the area of ground which it covers. It does not rank in magnitude with the great cathedral of Wessex, or the greater church of Canterbury, or with Lincoln, or with York. But in originality, in harmony, in unity, it bears comparison with the proudest of them all." Such was also the opinion of the late Archbishop Temple, the fourth son of Devon since the Reformation to guide the destinies of the Shire of the Sea Kings in matters ecclesiastical. With the help of Chancellor Edmonds's little book one might almost dispense with the inevitable guide, but visitors to the cathedral

* In a glass case in the Cathedral Library at Exeter may be seen Edward the Confessor's Charter by virtue of which the bishop's seat or "stool" was removed at Bishop Leofric's request from Crediton to Exeter. It has the names of the King, of Earl Godwin, of Harold (afterwards King), who fell at Hastings, of Tostig, of the two Archbishops, of Stigand, of half a dozen bishops and abbots, and an equal number of bishops and thanes ("Exeter Cathedral," by the late Chancellor Edmonds).

are always treated with civility and attention, and the explanations given by the verger in attendance are mainly based on reliable information. Curiously enough, Chancellor Edmonds says nothing in his book of the magnificent *coup d'œil* of the interior which can only be obtained by climbing up a winding staircase of some eighty steps and looking through the central pane of the glorious east window which can be opened. Then, and possibly then only, one realises the exquisite beauty of the vaulting of the roofs, the grandeur of the architectural *ensemble*, and the completeness of that delightful harmony of details which will for ever keep green the memory of Bishop Peter Quivil. Nowhere can the exterior be seen to greater advantage than from the garden of the Bishop's Palace, and " The Bosses and Corbels of Exeter Cathedral," by Miss E. K. Prideaux and G. R. Holt Shafto, and " The Figure Sculpture of Exeter Cathedral," by the same lady, are two most interesting volumes with which the antiquary and the visitor should be acquainted.* There is scarcely one of the old houses of the Close which does not help you to conjure up a vision of what the " heart of Exeter " was like before a degenerate age sanctioned the abuses which provoked the ire of Robert Southey as he listened to the bells ringing for the victory of Admiral Mitchell over the Franco-Dutch fleet. " Great Peter " (brought by Bishop Courtenay from Llandaff towards the end of the fifteenth century and re-cast in 1676), must surely have been silent on that occasion. The peal of ten bells, now hung in the south tower, is unrivalled both as regards weight and richness of tone. On a calm summer's evening their melodious sounds can be heard for many miles, echoing over the placid waters of the Exe and the broad estuary far away to the south.

The canal which once united the Water Gate of Exeter with the sea below Topsham is said to be the oldest artificial waterway in the United Kingdom. As early as 1563 John Trew, of Glamorgan, superintended the works which ten years later enabled vessels of sixteen tons to bring their cargoes up to Exeter quay. At this time Devonshire had a great reputation for the manufacture of what was called Spanish cloth, which the Exeter merchants were only allowed to export if it was made in the county and purchased in Exeter market.

* Exeter—James G. Commin.

At one time no less than £3,000 worth of serges was produced weekly. The natural enemy of the exporter was the feudal earl, lord of both banks of the Exe, who, when the City refused to pay the toll levied on its ships, had recourse to the expedient of throwing trees into the river which effectually impeded navigation. The extortions thus attempted were little less dreaded than the rapacity of the Barbary Rovers and the terror of the Press Gang. Even in 1285 disputes as to market tolls also interfered with the free navigation of the Exe. It was a question of this kind which induced Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, to construct weirs across the river, and a similar controversy a short time later ended in the Earl of Devon barring the passage of the stream by building a "keil" at Topsham, which compelled all vessels to lade and unlade there. The Exeter Canal remains to this day a monument of the indomitable courage and perseverance of the citizens. The Mayor's boat took part in the aquatic pageants on the Exe during the thirteenth century. The question of excursions on the canal will be treated in the chapter dealing with Exeter as a travel-centre.

Lord Macaulay has said that "a people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of its remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by its remote descendants." Those who realise the truth of this dictum will find something to interest them at almost every step they take in the "Ever Faithful City."

It is to be sincerely deplored that the five historic gates of Exeter have one by one succumbed to the well-meant enthusiasm of the municipal reformer. Six years before George III visited Exeter in 1789, the East Gate, which had been rebuilt for the fourth time three centuries previously, finally disappeared. From the time of Alfred the Great downwards, at least twenty Kings of England had entered Exeter through the archway flanked by two huge circular towers built of the red Heavitree grit stone. The foundations of one of these towers, or of an even earlier building, still exist in the neighbourhood of the East Gate Arcade, facing High Street. The West Gate, through which William of Orange entered Exeter, has disappeared, but the "spindle" of the hinge can still be seen in the wall adjoining the old gate-house. The archway of the Water Gate, specially connected with

commerce, can still be traced, but the North Gate, which figured conspicuously in the conflict with Perkin Warbeck, and the South Gate, with its towers, debtors' prison and church, which witnessed many remarkable events, including the imposing entry of Henry VII into the Devonian capital, has long since vanished.

A great number of churches, chapels, and other historic buildings have been removed, but the traveller interested in ecclesiology and architecture would do well to visit in the course of his peregrinations the ancient churches of St. Mary Arches, St. Olave, St. Pancras, St. Mary Steps, and others; the College Hall of the priest vicars; the Tuckers', Weavers', and Fullers' Hall; Bampfylde House (the town residence of the Poltimores); the archway and door of the house in the Close formerly occupied by the Abbot of Buckfast; and above all, the venerable Guildhall, where at least six English sovereigns have been entertained. The Bishop's Palace and Deanery both merit attention, and it is much to be regretted that no steps have yet been taken to indicate by tablets the position of the most notable sites connected with the annals of Exeter. This omission has been partially remedied by the erection of suitable tablets marking the sites of the demolished West and East Gates, the latter of which, from the time of the Romans, formed the chief place of entrance to Exeter, both from the North and East of England. It was at this point that no less than five Roman roads converged, including the two great "streets" known as the Iknield and Fosse ways.

Very few of the ancient inns of Exeter now remain. As early as 1471 mention is made in the City archives of "Le Egle," opposite the Guildhall, where the cloth market was also held. Another notable hostelry was the "New Inn," belonging to the Corporation, which for three centuries attracted woollen merchants from all parts of the country. The judges of Assize lodged here (including Jeffreys) up till the year prior to Queen Victoria's accession, and the magnificent "Apollo Room," for many years one of the sights of Exeter, was the scene of many municipal and other festivities. It was at the "Seven Stars" that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, wrote his journal in the year 1657. The "New London Inn," the great coaching centre of the epoch when the poet Southey visited Exeter,

where no less than seventy coaches used to halt in the course of the day, still continues to maintain its pristine popularity. It was from the "New London Inn" that Sir Hudson Lowe, then a youthful subaltern in a Devonshire regiment, dated one of his letters in 1784. At that time the journey to London occupied at least thirty-six hours. It was not till many years later that the "Quicksilver" and the "Defiance" contrived to accomplish it in twelve hours less. When George III came to Exeter the "Royal Clarence Hotel," in the Cathedral yard, was managed by a clever Frenchman named Peter Berlon. Thirty years later it passed into the possession of Samuel Foote, whose daughter Maria, the celebrated actress, subsequently became Countess of Harrington. In 1817 Foote had the honour of welcoming the Grand Duke Nicholas, afterwards Emperor of Russia. When Lord Nelson came to Exeter in 1801, the "Clarence" was known as "The Hotel," and it was only in June, 1827, that the presence of the Duchess of Clarence, afterwards Queen Adelaide, on her way to join her husband at Plymouth, gave it its present designation. Close to the "Clarence" is the old Elizabethan building formerly known as Mol's coffee house, and the still more ancient mediæval church of St. Martin.

As you traverse the highways and byways of Exeter, notwithstanding the fact that the electric tramway has now invaded the sacred High Street, there are many quaint figures and curious nooks and corners to remind one of the time when old-world Exeter revelled in the possession of its Midsummer Watch, its City Waits, its Canon Bread, its Mayor of the Bull-ring, and a dozen other time-honoured customs now fallen into desuetude. Exeter of to-day possesses a first-rate golf course, a beautiful cricket ground and many other attractions suitable to the exigencies of the twentieth century. The Royal Albert Memorial, University College, Library and Museum in Queen Street, are entitled to rank amongst the finest and most interesting institutions of the kind in the United Kingdom.

The play-house in which Kemble, Siddons, and Edmund Kean performed was burnt down nearly a century ago, and a similar fate overtook the building which replaced it on another site. The present Exeter Theatre is sufficiently handsome and commodious, and often attracts first-rate companies. Exeter is still characterised by that love

of music which distinguished it in the days of William Jackson and S. S. Wesley. The Cathedral choir is always a good one, and the Oratorio Society celebrated its diamond jubilee some years ago.

It would occupy an entire page to enumerate the celebrated statesmen, ecclesiastics, scientists, artists, and men of letters who have hailed from the "Ever Faithful City." Suffice it to say that Exeter is the birthplace of one cardinal, one archbishop, one Lord Chancellor, and three Lord Chief Justices, to say nothing of such illustrious men as Stephen Langton, Miles Coverdale, Thomas Bodley, Richard Hooker, and Nicholas Hilliard. If the old industries have ceased to exist others have taken their place, and the Exeter of to-day wears an unmistakable air of present prosperity. Those who are mainly responsible for its future are well aware that nothing can be more conducive to its well-being than the careful preservation of those ancient landmarks, many of which are far older than the time when Queen Elizabeth gave Exeter its oft-quoted motto and uttered the historic words, "The Gentlemen of Devon are all born Courtiers and with a becoming confidence." The Exeter Chamber of Commerce is quite alive to the necessity of action in this direction, and its efforts are devoted continuously to the commemoration of past glories, as well as to the promotion of commercial education and the improvement of the historic waterway so essential to the best interests of the City from a business point of view.

The Guildhall, Exeter.

Mol's Coffee House, Exeter.

Ottery St. Mary Priory Church.
(From an old print.)

II.—Exeter as a Travel-centre, and Mid-Devon.

ITS central position as regards sea, river, railway and moorland makes Exeter one of those places in which holiday-makers of all classes delight to tarry. As the capital of a county should do the chief town of Devonshire commands still, as it did in far-off Roman times, the highways to all that is important and interesting either in the interior of the "Shire of the Sea Kings," or on its northern and southern shores. The country immediately surrounding Exeter is typical of much that is beautiful and striking in the Devonian landscape. To the north the verdant Exe Valley (beloved of fishermen) stretches in almost a direct line to Dulverton and the uplands of Exmoor, the haunt of the red-deer and the home of those quaint specimens of humanity described in the novels of R. D. Blackmore. Southwards lies Topsham, the trysting-place of the hardy adventurers of Elizabethan times, and the fruitful plain through which both the Exe, and the waterway which follows its course at a respectful distance, find their way to the English Channel. Going west, railroad and highway alike take you in the direction of Plymouth, half a dozen notable pleasure-resorts, Dartmoor, and last, but not least, the far too little known district of the South Hams, where three or four watering-places are rapidly growing in public favour. Eastward lies a champaign country, rich in luxuriant orchards, stately mansions and glorious churches, like those of Ottery St. Mary and the Clysts. Cyder has, from time immemorial, been the popular drink of the men of Devon and the pride of the Devonian fruit-grower. Just as the Sussex housewife of a century ago rejoiced in the brightness of her pewter, so the better-half of a Devonshire farmer took delight in the number and

variety of her cyder mugs. Nothing possibly since William of Orange landed in Torbay caused so much commotion as the cyder-tax imposed by Lord Bute shortly after the accession of George III. The outcry raised in Devonshire was as that of one man. Broadsides, containing caricatures and verses, were sold from house to house. These are now very rare, but strangely characteristic is that entitled "The Scotch Yoke or English Resentment," with the lines :—

"In vain you have conquer'd, my brave Hearts of Oak,
Your Laurels, your Conquests, are all but a Yoke ;
Let a rascally Peace serve to open your Eyes
And the damnable scheme of a Cyder-Excise.
Come on then, my Lads, who have fought and have bled,
A tax may, perhaps, soon be laid on your bread ;
Ye natives of Worc'ster and Devon arise
And strike at the Root of the Cyder-Excise."

Scarcely less curious is "The Tyburn Interview, a New Song by a Merchant of South Hams, Devonshire," of which the following verse may be taken as a specimen :—

"Ah ! hapless Old England, no longer be merry
Since Bute has thus tax'd your Beer, Cyder and Perry.
Look sullen and sad ; for now this is done
No doubt, in short time they'll tax Laughing and Fun."

The clamour of the Cornishmen seventy-five years earlier had saved Trelawny, and the just irritation of united Devonshire made itself felt in the councils of 1763. The obnoxious impost was soon repealed and peace once again prevailed throughout the "Shire of the Sea Kings."

The popularity of Devonshire as a holiday-haunt dates from the later years of the eighteenth century, when the coach proprietors "under great provocation," or in other words urged to greater efficiency by the force of that public opinion which had proved so useful to the cyder-makers of the Clysts, the South Hams and the Dart Valley, had commenced providing better cattle and more comfortable vehicles as well as arranging for an acceleration of speed. Southey's visit to Exeter in 1799 has already been alluded to. Two years later Charles Dibdin followed his example, and letter xxiii. of his "Observa-

Exeter.

East Budleigh Church.

Shilstone Cromlech, Drewsteignton

tions on a Tour throughout almost the whole of England," is devoted to Devonshire. As for the roads they were far and away the worst which the genial Laureate of the Navy had ever encountered, but his praise of everything he saw was as lavish as the most loyal Devonian could possibly desire. Three years before Southey had emphasised the long since forgotten defects of Exeter sanitation, Woodward, the caricaturist, had traversed the native county of his brother satirist Dr. Wolcot (" Peter Pindar ") from end to end. The practical outcome of his wanderings was his " Eccentric Excursions," a copy of which, with the hundred charming colour-prints complete, now realises a very considerable sum. Although inclined to poke fun at the " inhabitants," he assures his readers that " Exeter has, from time immemorial, held a distinguished situation in the island, as a city of great antiquity, probity, and respectability. The buildings may be ranked under the heads of substantial and durable. Land's ' London Inn ' is the principal place of accommodation for travellers." Like Dibdin he anathematises the roads and pokes great fun at the " corporators " of a certain town, who had just immortalised themselves by burning a portrait of the King, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, during the illuminations in honour of Lord Howe's great victory. The roads of Devon are now irreproachable, and they have done much to popularise Exeter and the whole of the county with motorists. A week's touring (with Exeter as a centre) will enable the modern holiday-maker to see more of Devonshire than Woodward, Southey, and Dibdin contrived to do during their much more prolonged wanderings.

By enquiry at most of the leading hotels or by consulting one of the local guide books the holiday-maker who wisely decides to select Exeter as his first travel-centre, as far as Devonshire is concerned, will ascertain the almost inexhaustible number of railway trips, char-à-banc and cycling expeditions, and pedestrian excursions which can be undertaken with a maximum of enjoyment and at a minimum of fatigue and cost. The following drives by coach or otherwise are generally recommended to visitors, viz. :—Through Kennford to Chudleigh, where the famous Chudleigh Rocks are well worthy of exploration ; a circular tour to Budleigh Salterton, passing over Woodbury Common, *via* Yettington to East Budleigh and returning by way of Winslade Park ;

Tiverton, *via* Bickleigh and the beautiful Valley of the Exe; Newton St. Cyres, by way of Crediton, Shobrooke Park, Thorverton, Culme John, and Poltimore Park; Dawlish, journeying over Haldon, through the Black Forest, and returning by way of Starcross, Kenton, &c.; Maryclyst and Half-way House, Aylesbeare, Woodbury Castle, Marley and Bystock to Exmouth, returning through Lympstone and Topsham; over Pennsylvania Hill to Killerton, Broadclyst, Honiton, Clyst, and Bishop's Court. A short circular tour may be made by railway and steamboat by travelling by train from Exeter in the morning, and after reaching Totnes proceeding down the Dart to Dartmouth by steamer and home by rail *via* Kingswear and Torquay.

Of the motoring tours which can conveniently be carried out while making Exeter a centre, the most noteworthy is that of Exeter to Okehampton and Moretonhampstead, returning by way of Dunsford and Long Down, which enables the traveller to see during a drive of little over forty miles some of the finest Dartmoor scenery. Very little longer and almost equally enjoyable is the round from Exeter to Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth, and Ottery St. Mary, returning home by way of Honiton. Good motor cars for the day or week may be hired at Exeter and their owners will readily give every information as to routes.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in the chapter he devotes to Exeter in the Devon volume of his "A Book of the West" (since renamed "A Book of Devon"), impresses on all visitors to Exeter, and on antiquaries and ecclesiologists in particular, the necessity of seeing the magnificent church at Ottery St. Mary, where both Lord Coleridge, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, and his father are buried, Mr. Gould is of opinion that this beautiful edifice gave the "original type" to Exeter Cathedral, for here also there was a beginning in the early English style and the towers have been used as transepts. The author of "A Book of the West" also informs his readers that "a beautiful excursion may be made from Exeter to Fingle Bridge on the Teign, where the river winds between the hills densely wooded with coppice, that close in on each other like the fangs of a rat-trap. With this may be combined Shilstone Cromlech,* the sole perfect

* Known locally as Drewsteignton Cromlech (on Shilstone Farm).

specimen of the kind remaining in the county, and once but a single member in a series of very remarkable monuments. The Teign is frowned down on by several strongly fortified camps. Fingle should be seen when the hills are clothed in flowering heather, as though raspberry cream had been spilt over them. White heather may be picked there. Fulford House is a quadrangle in a sad state of dilapidation, originally of Tudor architecture, but disfigured by bad alterations in the Prince Regent's days, when Cockney Gothic was in vogue. In the house is a bad portrait of the 'Royal Martyr,' presented by Charles II., and one of 'Red Ruin,' a spendthrift Fulford. In the Hall is some superb carved panelling, early Tudor."

Mr. Gould is quite right when he speaks of Exeter as a unique centre for ecclesiological excursions. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a village church in the whole countryside which does not possess some quaint or beautiful feature of antiquarian interest. Mr. Gould mentions the exquisite carving on the oak rood screen and pulpit of Kenton, as well as the carefully-restored screen at Dunchideock and those of Plymtree and Bradninch. That at Plymtree bears a contemporary portrait of Prince Arthur, the son of the sovereign who gave Exeter its second Sword of State and Cap of Maintenance, together with that of Cardinal Morton. The Bradninch screen has, by way of ornamentation, paintings of the Sibyls, the Doctors of the Church, and of the legend of St. Francis. The church at Pinhoe, the scene of a great battle with the Danes, possesses an elaborately-coloured screen with vaulting-ribs and gallery. At Pinhoe may also be seen a most curious mediæval alms-box representing a serving-man supporting himself with a stick in one hand, while the other is extended in the act of solicitation. Sculptured bench-ends also form a characteristic feature in most Devon churches. At East Budleigh there is one with the date 1534, in which a cook is depicted in the act of roasting a goose. Mr. Gould also alludes to the screen at Littleham, but he omits all mention of that at Brushford near Dulverton, which is not only handsome but has fortunately escaped the perils of the injudicious restorer. To those who delight in these interesting memorials of the past, Exeter and its neighbourhood will assuredly prove a happy hunting ground.

There are few places in England where the sportsman, be he golfer, oarsman, cricketer, or football player, has greater opportunities than in "ever-faithful" Exeter, in the vicinity of which several packs of hounds meet during the hunting season. The angler will also rejoice to hear of the splendid opportunities which await him both on the Exe and the Culm. Within easy distance of the City, the river yields salmon and trout fishing considerably above the average, while the canal, already alluded to, can boast of a fine stretch of coarse fishing, which is nominally free, as tickets for the whole season, that is from the 15th June to the 15th March, may be easily obtained at the Town Clerk's office. Carp, perch, roach, tench, and pike are all sufficiently numerous, and the angler-tourist may confidently look forward to some good sport during his holiday at Exeter.

The distance from the site of the old Water Gate at Exeter to Turf is about seven miles, and the journey by water both to and from Exeter, either early in the morning or in the cool of a summer evening, is one not likely to be soon forgotten. The quaint Georgian houses inhabited by the lock-keepers remind you of the days when the Barings and other merchant princes of Exeter used to go to and fro bent on business or pleasure. On the one side you see the ruddy cliffs of Exminster and on the other the old-world houses of Topsham, while the Countess Weir Bridge across the Exe recalls the old story of the famous quarrel between Isabella de Fortibus and the Exeter citizens. There is no difficulty in finding a weighty motive which amply justifies a trip to Turf, for which on most reasonable terms it is possible to secure the use of the Civic barge of the ancient Corporation which received its first Charter eight hundred years ago. Looking northwards at the dim outline of Exeter Cathedral crowning majestically the "Red Mound," your sympathies are with the local poet who sung:—

"Towards the end of leafy June
When city pavements seem aglow,
What joy on a sultry afternoon
Down the old canal to row;
Slowly fade St. Peter's towers,
Whilst all around us spreads the glade,
Refreshing herbage and sweet flowers,
And stately elms with cooling shade."

The Esplanade, Exmouth

Powderham Castle

Horse Rocks and Parson and Clerk Rocks, Dawlish.

At Turf one is able to procure whitebait such as would provoke enthusiasm in the most jaded epicure. An improvised breakfast, dinner, or supper there is a thing not easy to forget, and while enjoying an *al fresco* meal you can see on one side Nutwell Court, the modern home of the Drakes, and on the other Powderham Castle, the more ancient abode of the Courtenays, and in the far distance, Mamhead, the seat of Sir Robert Newman. These three great houses are all half hidden by the elm groves which surround them. Powderham should, if possible, be visited by all pilgrims to the west, and at Mamhead are some remarkably fine trees—it is said that at Mamhead the ilex oak was first grown in England from acorns. Amongst the treasures at Nutwell Court is Zucchero's portrait of Sir Francis Drake, as well as the cups which a grateful Queen of England sent, after his voyage round the world, as a gift to the greatest of Devonshire's Sea-Kings.

LIBRARIES

III.—Torquay and the Sunny Shores of South Devon.

Exmouth—Dawlish—Teignmouth—Paignton—Brixham.

"IT is beautiful. It reminds me of Porto Ferrajo. I should delight to live there." It was in some such words as these that Napoleon, as he stood on the quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*, over one hundred summers ago, expressed his heartfelt admiration of the tree-clad shores upon which he vainly hoped to land. Since then his words have found an echo, not only in the Journal of the greatest of England's Queens, but in the letters of politicians, the opinions of physicians, the essays of philosophers, and the verses of poets. Even the everyday traveller, who is neither politician, physician, philosopher, or poet, will not readily forget the first impression of that marvellous symphony in dazzling whites, deep blues, bright greens, and dull reds which he first gazed at with appreciative eyes from one of the steamers plying along the delightful South Devon coast. One must look at the wooded cliffs and golden sands of South Devon from the sea fully to realise the meaning of the praises lavished on them by the fallen despot, when their strange fascination made him forget for an instant his past misfortunes and present anxieties. It is, however, by the coast railway, which reminds one so forcibly of the line between Nice and Genoa, that the great majority of holiday-makers descend upon one or other of the watering-places of the Devonian littoral.

Starcross, the name of which comes from its connection with the Bishops of Sherborne, may be said almost literally to be within sight of Exeter. The ferry to Exmouth, on the other side of the estuary,

The Sands, Dawlish.

The Gardens, Dawlish

The G.W.R. Riviera Express, between Dawlish and Teignmouth.

Shaldon Bridge, Teignmouth.

was once in charge of these practical ecclesiastics. This place is still happily famous for its oysters and shell fish. At Exmouth, a pier, pavilion, and promenade have been provided, and during the season concerts and excellent music entertainments are frequently given. In this and other respects it well maintains its distinction of having been " the first town on the Devonshire Coast to make itself snug and decent for the reception of visitors," as it is indeed Devonshire's oldest watering-place. But although Exmouth has had the enterprise and good sense to make the most of its modern attractions, it does not depend solely upon them for its fame. Its possession of " the greatest estuary in the West " long ago gave it a distinguished place in maritime history. More than nine hundred years ago Sweyn landed his Danes there, whence they marched inland, burning and destroying as they went. Exmouth very early became a flourishing port, and in the middle of the fourteenth century it was important enough to send ten ships to the Siege of Calais. We may reasonably suppose that the young Walter Raleigh, who spent his boyhood only five miles away, may here have picked up much of the love of the sea and imbibed some, at least, of the longing to share in its romance which, in time to come, was to bear such splendid fruit. Not so many years after Raleigh's tragic death, the place which had helped to shape so many of the Elizabethan sea-dogs saw war at close quarters. Upon the Warren, which was then nearer to the river than now, the channel of the Exe having altered, there stood a fairly strong fort, defended by sixteen guns, which was garrisoned for Charles I in the Civil Wars. Sir Hardresse Waller besieged it and it was compelled to surrender to the Parliament. It has since lost its fort and is now a favourite holiday haunt of picnickers, shell collectors, and golfers.

The scenic attractions of Exmouth are very considerable, for in the Beacon it possesses a point of view which commands many delights. The dark masses of Powderham woods, the distant line of moorland, the ruddy cliffs of Dawlish and Teignmouth, and a long stretch of the estuary itself lie spread out in a glorious panorama.

Dawlish, remarkable for its open green spaces and attractive lawns, has enlarged its borders very considerably since John Keats arrived there " over the hill " from Teignmouth, and wrote depreciatively of

the condition of its gingerbread nut-stalls and stall-keepers at the Easter Monday Fair. Some years before that, the rising watering-place had welcomed another celebrated literary visitor. Jane Austen came there, presumably from "Lyme-of-the-King," and in "Sense and Sensibility" one reads that "it seemed rather surprising that anybody could live in Devonshire without living near Dawlish." It is clear that even a century ago the "snug resort" loomed large in the minds of persons comparatively little acquainted with the county.

It was, indeed, just about that time that a certain Dr. Downman sang its charms in verse. He grows eloquent over its "towering cliffs," "lovely strand," and "babbling brook," and pictures "thy pure encircling waves" embracing the "timid virgin," "the feeble matron," or—

> "The child on whom
> Thou mayest bestow a second happier birth
> From weakness unto strength."

It was not for nothing, even then, that Dawlish plumed itself upon almost the best beach in Devon. A far better poet, that sprightly humorist, the Rev. R. H. Barham, in the "Ingoldsby Legends," has given Dawlish a splendid testimonial as a health resort :—

> "Half village, half town it is, pleasant but swellish
> A place I suggest
> As one of the best
> For a man breaking down who needs absolute rest.
> Especially, too, if he's weak in the chest,
> And known, where it happens to *be* known, as Dawlish."

It would be more difficult now to find a place where Dawlish is not known. There are, so to speak, a new town and an old town at Dawlish, and if the one is an agreeable lounge with good hotels, tempting shops, and modern amusements, the other has all the air of a village in a valley with a pleasant stream running through an ornamental public garden. It is, in no small degree, to "Dawlish Water" that the town indirectly owes its prosperity. One day in 1810 there ran into it so vast a torrent from Haldon that it overflowed disastrously, washing away bridges and houses. The reparation and improvements that followed appear to have been so much to Dawlish's advantage that it

came almost at once into a favour which it has deservedly held ever since. On the bank of this stream stands the most rural-looking of town parish churches, in a setting of green, with an effective backing of woodland. The ruddy cliffs of Dawlish are highly pictorial, the beach is excellent, and the whole atmosphere soft and peaceful. Even those who, as a rule, care but little for the seaside, fall captive to the beauties of the romantic hinterland, the delightful views from Lea Mount, and the many charming and easily accessible walks from this happy-looking town.

Not the least pleasant of these walks is that which leads two miles to the westward to Teignmouth, by the famous sea wall, which we owe to the ingenuity and engineering skill of Brunel. It was a bold and picturesque idea to carry a railway right along the shore, almost upon the crest of the waves, and when the sea wall was projected in 1844, both public and engineer were startled by so daring a conception ; indeed, the second reading of the South Devon Railway which authorised it, was postponed in order that the Admiralty might have an opportunity of making enquiries. On one side of the wall runs the Great Western Railway backed by the cliffs ; on the other the sea laps its foundations, which, solid enough now, gave an infinity of trouble in their construction. Notwithstanding the building of extensive stone breakwaters, large portions of the massive embankment were washed away during the winter gales of 1845. Nor was there an end of trouble when the line was finished and opened, for in 1853 a portion of the work was washed into the sea by a great fall of cliff. On a fine day, railway traveller and pedestrian alike enjoy a romantic two miles' journey. When the atmospheric conditions are favourable the reflective observer who watches the rushing train obtains a graphic exemplification of Turner's famous composition, " Rain, Steam, and Speed." This wonderful picture was, indeed, a transcript of a *chose vue* on the Great Western Railway in Devonshire. The story has been preserved for us by Mr. Ruskin in a letter from Mrs. John Simon. In 1843 she travelled from Exeter to Paddington with a cheery old gentleman with " seeing eyes," who, despite that it was a windy and rainy night, insisted upon opening the carriage window and studying for his and her benefit " such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises "

as the lady "never saw or heard, or expects to see or hear." The following year, when she went to the Academy she was at once confronted with a picture of the "elemental chaos" of that long night's journey. It was Turner's latest canvas, and bore the inscription :—

"Rain, Steam, and Speed,
Great Western Railway, June the —, 1843."

"Perfectly and wonderfully true," was the comment of the fellow-traveller who had shared with Turner the sight which inspired an immortal canvas.

Like Dawlish, Teignmouth has enjoyed more than a century of unbroken popularity. Fanny Burney came there to recruit, after throwing off the cares of Court life, and gave the place an excellent character. John Keats joined his dying brother there in March, 1818, and holiday-makers who care for such things will be interested to know that the house they lodged in is now numbered 35, The Strand.* At the time of Keats's visit, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, another poet who owed some of his happiest inspirations to Teignmouth, was just sixteen. He was born at Bitton House, overlooking the Teign, in 1802, but evil times have fallen on his beautiful birthplace, now almost entirely built over. Keats soundly abused the rain, but nevertheless gladdened the heart of his friend Haydon with the truly Devonshire lyric :—

"Where be you going, you Devon maid,
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?
I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating—
But O, on the heather to lie together
With both our hearts a-beating."

The painter took the complaints about the weather a little too seriously and replied, "Stay till the summer, and then look into its deep blue sky, and lush grass, and tawny banks, and silver bubbling rivers. You must not leave Devonshire without seeing some of its wild scenery, rocky, mossy, craggy, with roaring streams, and as clear as crystal—it will do your mind good." Possibly these words gave

* "Literary Rambles in the West of England," by Arthur L. Salmon, London, 1906

Keats the encouragement which enabled him, a few days later, to send the last pages of "Endymion" to the printers. One writer describes very concisely, and at the same time very fairly, the "attractions" of the town, about the merits of which Keats, the poet, and Haydon, the painter, had apparently many a hot argument: "Teignmouth is sheltered from all keen winds by the hills. Its climate is equable, and its temperature cool in summer and warm in winter. Its coolness in summer is helped by the moorland breezes that come down the valley of the Teign, which is tidal to Newton Abbot, and is much used for boating, and for charming excursions to many pretty places on its banks. The heights of Haldon, behind the town, afford splendid opportunity for rambles of a refreshing and enjoyable character, and over it coaching excursions are made to places further afield. Teignmouth, by reason of good railway arrangements, is within easy reach of Dartmoor and its moorside villages and towns. Steamers call here every day in the summer for trips to places up and down the coast. Summer outdoor recreations are popular, and there is every provision for croquet, lawn tennis, bowls, cricket, etc., as well as sailing clubs which hold periodical race meetings. The beach at Teignmouth is very fine for bathing. Water polo is a strong feature in aquatic sports, the town team proving almost invincible. Golf may be played on the Warren. Good fly fishing can be had in the neighbourhood, and salt water fishing produces good catches."* Some of Keats's "climbs" and rambles took him towards Torquay, then only a pleasant village. Before he left Devonshire he had written home enthusiastically of "lanes banked on either side with store of primroses." From Hampstead he wrote to his friend Mrs. Jeffreys, "I suppose Teignmouth and the *contagious* country is now quite remarkable; you might praise it I dare say in the manner of a grammatical exercise; *the* trees are full; the Den *is* crowded; *the* boats *are* sailing; the music *is* playing." It is evident that the Teignmouthians took life gaily even in those far-off times, and there was unquestionably much tenderness in the poet's memories of the place where he completed "Endymion" and wrote the greater part of "Isabella," for some time later he praised Scotland by saying that the country was "very rich, very fine, and with a little

* "Devonia," August, 1905.

of Devon." Teignmouth can boast of its painters as well as its poets. The two Condys, father and son, made the scenery of the Teign the subjects of some of their happiest efforts. Thomas Luny (1759–1837), one of the most accurate and prolific of British marine painters, once himself a sailor, settled in Teignmouth, where he built the house in Teign Street which still bears his name.

The glory of Teignmouth is its wide estuary which, especially at high-water, gives to the scene a sense of space and movement that at once fills and rests the eye. The little harbour of Teignmouth is a picturesque resort, with an agreeable maritime flavour; there we still may see the pleasant brown sails and the once familiar spars and rigging of many a little coasting craft, with occasionally a larger vessel doing business in great waters. The eye roves from gentle wooded slopes to higher hills and away to the dim distance, where the blue tors join the horizon. Lying sheltered from cold and bleak winds, Teignmouth enjoys extraordinary advantages of situation. It is an eminently cheerful town with abundance of occupation and distraction for the visitor. But, although it is up-to-date in every sense of the term, a number of quaint nooks and queer names proclaim the fact that Teignmouth has a past as well as both a present and a future. One of its thoroughfares is called French Street, probably because our traditional adversaries—now happily united to us in the bonds of what we may trust is a permanent alliance—burnt it in 1340 and again in 1690. "Tegntun" was but a cluster of fishermen's huts when the Danes took it in 1001. The last attack on Teignmouth did no good to the cause of the exiled Stuarts, and helped very materially to consolidate the position of William III.

In addition to the natural attractions of the "Den" (Teignmouth's delightful promenade), and the "Ness" (the bold headland across the river), it must not be forgotten that the town is united to the charming suburb of Shaldon by what was once the longest wooden bridge in England; it is just over a third of a mile in length. Here you can enjoy some of those delightful river views which Luny and the Condys loved to paint; and the walk to the "Labrador" strawberry gardens along the coast on the way to Torquay is an experience which should on no account be omitted. On the Teignmouth side of the river you

The Sands and Ness, Teignmouth.

Teignmouth.

Torquay.

Torquay, from Vane Hill.

have Bishopsteignton, with its fine fifteenth-century church. Exactly opposite (across the Teign), stands out prominently Coombe Cellars, the subject of one of the younger Condy's pleasantest pictures. It was at Coombe Cellars that Mr. Baring-Gould laid the scene of his charming Devonshire idyll, "Kitty Alone," but nowadays it is chiefly celebrated for the excellence of its junkets, cream, and cockles.

Torquay may fairly be described as the brightest jewel in the crown of Torbay, and the capital of the Devonian Riviera. The first impression of its singular beauty and picturesqueness is confirmed and strengthened every day one stays there. There is nothing quite like Torquay to be found in England. Porto Ferrajo, to which Napoleon compared this portion of the Devon littoral, has long since been thrown into the shade by the handsome town which has arisen amidst an unrivalled luxuriance of foliage on the slopes which shelter it almost entirely from every adverse climatic influence. Amongst these woods are many miles of walks and drives. To look upon Torquay as a winter health-resort, pure and simple, is entirely erroneous. Like other places on the South Devon Coast, it is as cool in summer as it is warm in winter, and very few British seaside resorts are characterised by a greater equability of temperature than that of which Sir Walter Besant spoke as *the most lovely town in England.* "Whenever any sunshine visits these islands," he wrote, "it is found at Torquay; *the coast is charming and delightful in winter as well as in the summer.* The climate is as pleasant as that of the Riviera, and it is not so weary a journey to get there. *Five hours on the smoothest line in England, in a corridor carriage, will take the Londoner to Torquay.** For my own part, I have found the place delightful in winter, whether one walks, or drives, or sits under the cliffs in the sun, every breath brings back health." The late Duke of Argyll is credited with the kindly epigram that "the sole industry of Torquay is the manufacture of health." Nature has been exceptionally bountiful in her dealings with the Queen of Devonshire's watering-places, and a far-seeing Corporation has endowed her with a perfect system of sanitation, an unlimited supply of the purest water, and a bathing establishment on the most improved continental lines; but Torquay is something more than one vast and beautiful

* It now takes only three hours and forty minutes

sanatorium. It is pre-eminently a place where the ordinary traveller and holiday-maker can obtain with very little cost and fatigue an amount of pleasurable enjoyment which he does not appreciate the less because it comes to him while experiencing the benefits of the balmiest and most recuperative of climates, and an environment which includes those three great desiderata, purity of soil, purity of water, and purity of air. Dullness is unknown at Torquay, where the diversions of the winter season, which extends from October to Easter, are immediately followed by those of the summer, completing, as it were, the whole of the year's programme. Hotel accommodation at Torquay is exceptionally good, and an excellent guide has been published under the ægis of an energetic Corporation. If the device of Exeter is *Semper Fidelis*, that of Torquay is, appropriately enough, *Salus et Felicitas*—Health and Happiness. In his youth, the late Lord Tennyson wrote of Torquay as "the loveliest village in England," and quite half a century later that most genial of Frenchmen, "Max O'Rell" (Paul Blouet), placed on record his deliberate opinion that Torquay was "the prettiest spot he had ever seen." "In the winter," he added, "you get a perfect Mediterranean sight with the blue waters and the purple hills, and the effect of the beautiful verdure and the radiance of the lovely southern climate has been to make the Devonian the most cheerful of Britons."

Torquay is pardonably proud of her lengthy muster-roll of distinguished visitors. The very existence of the town is said to be due to Torbay being the great naval rendezvous of the Napoleonic wars. The visit of Lord Nelson to Exeter in the first month of the nineteenth century has already been mentioned. There were great doings at Torre Abbey, where the hero of the Nile took part in the fête given in honour of Lord St. Vincent's birthday. The proceedings included a grand masquerade and the recitation of an ode (the existence of which has only recently become known) beginning with the lines :—

> Hail the day, O ye Britons, its glories proclaim ;
> A day like its hero, immortal in fame :
> And as Union's the word, so unite the full lay,
> And cheer with full bumpers St. Vincent Huzza !

Yachting in Torbay

Torre Abbey Sands, Torquay.

Oddicombe Beach, Torquay.

Cockington Forge, near Torquay.

and having as a refrain the verse :—

> Long live our gracious King, our country, and our laws,
> Long live the noble heroes who fight their country's cause,
> Who nobly fight for liberty, for honour and applause,
> And defy the boasting Frenchmen to alter our laws.

No one more keenly appreciated the charms of Torquay than the late Queen Victoria, who came there as a girl, a young mother, and finally some thirty years ago on a visit to Torquay's most faithful *habituee*, the late Anne Duchess of Sutherland. It was from the deck of the *Victoria and Albert* that King Edward VII caught the first glimpse of the Devon coast as well as that of the adjoining Duchy. Torquay has already welcomed a goodly number of Royal personages, including the late Emperor of the French and his son, who could look down from the windows of their hotel on the blue waters from which their great ancestor as a prisoner on the *Bellerophon* had gazed sadly on the shores of the country he had threatened to invade.

Nigger entertainments and other kinds of beach shows find no favour in the eyes of those who are responsible for the social success of Torquay. On the other hand, yachtsmen, golfers, cricketers, and oarsmen find themselves in a place where provision has been made for every kind of sport. Hunting is available in the district with either harriers, foxhounds, or otter-hounds, while anglers can choose between lake, river, and sea. The deep-sea fishing in Torbay is of the finest, and the huge storage reservoirs on Dartmoor have, by the good offices of the Corporation, been stocked with Loch Leven trout. Salmon-peal and trout fishing can be obtained both in the Dart and Teign, while the waters in the vicinity of Berry Head are celebrated for the phenomenal abundance of whiting, bass, and mackerel. The Corbyn sands are always the delight of children, whilst there are also splendid beaches at Babbacombe, Oddicombe, and Meadfoot, and few yacht clubs possess a more comfortable club house than the " Royal Torbay." In no English watering-place can yachts or fishing boats be chartered on easier terms than at Torquay. Vast sums have been expended on making the spacious inner and outer harbours of Torquay as perfect as possible, and their picturesqueness is materially added to by the long pier and the beautiful gardens, named (like the pier) after the Princess

Louise, who inaugurated them. In addition to the existing theatre and the rooms devoted to concerts and other fashionable assemblies, it now possesses one of the largest and handsomest Pavilions in England. In this manner, from year's end to year's end, Torquay secures her patrons a constant round of high-class amusements. Torquay is one of the finest marine spas in Europe, with a modern bathing system controlled by skilled management.

Visitors to Torquay will have no difficulty in ascertaining every detail connected with the various places to be visited in the neighbourhood. The Lincombes, Anstey's Cove, the Warberries, Babbacombe, Oddicombe, Watcombe, Maidencombe, Chapel Hill, Cockington, and Compton Castle should all be included in the holiday-maker's itinerary. Geologists will find a fruitful field for their explorations in Kent's Cavern on the road to Babbacombe, associated in most men's minds with the lifelong labours of William Pengelly. Coach and motor char-à-banc excursions run daily from the Strand to various points of interest in the district, as well as to the breezy uplands of Dartmoor, the whole of which may be conveniently visited while making a sojourn at Torquay.

During the summer the Torbay passenger steamers ply between Torquay, Paignton, and Brixham. The expeditions to Dartmouth will be alluded to elsewhere, but it is well to note that many of the circular drives by coaches and chars-à-banc which start from Newton, Bovey, and Moretonhampstead, and penetrate the heart of Dartmoor, run in connection with the train service from Torquay.

Dartmoor will hereafter be spoken of in the detail it merits. The celebrated Haytor Rocks, four miles from Bovey, form a notable feature in the landscape. In the extensive pleasure grounds of Torquay one meets with many of the features which strike one so forcibly at Penzance. In the Royal Terrace Gardens and Rock Walk, sub-tropical plants flourish even more luxuriantly than they do in the Cornish Riviera. In mid-winter one can see thriving side by side New Zealand flax and the Chinese palm, as well as the magnolia, red camellia, the eucalyptus, the yucca, and the aloe.

Paignton, the next neighbour of Torquay in a southerly direction, has of late years increased in importance by leaps and bounds. New

The Promenade and North Sands, Paignton.

Goodrington, Paignton

Berry Head, Brixham.

Prince of Orange Statue, Brixham.

houses have sprung up in all directions, and the marshes have now been completely drained and transformed into a delightful pleasure ground. As it stands almost in the centre of Torbay it commands views of great beauty and extent.

There are few watering-places in which bathing is more perfect than at Paignton—the beach is, indeed, one of the finest in England, and those who have used it for bathing or day-dreaming never cease to extol its perfections. The air is delightfully bracing, and it is not surprising that Paignton should appeal to very different tastes and constitutions. On the occasion of Naval manœuvres many visitors are attracted by the ships assembling in Torbay, and since in the Green and the Sands the town possesses peculiarly advantageous starting-grounds, there is often some very pretty aviation to watch. Here, again, we have the red rocks, always so grateful to the eye. Red sandstone, too, is the old parish church, with its fine Norman west door, and its Kirkham Chantry, the beautiful stone screen of which has been much mutilated by the beheading of the figures of the twelve Apostles. In early days Paignton was a place of some ecclesiastical importance. It appears to have been an episcopal residence in Saxon times, and a commanding old building, the Bishop's Tower, still stands. Local tradition will have it that Miles Coverdale, who was Bishop of the Diocese, here translated the Bible. The occupants of the See of Exeter were Lords of the Manor until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the place passed into lay hands. Fertile and wide-spreading are still their beautiful Paignton lands. It is a far cry from mediæval prelates to the modern stage, but the part played by this delightful resort in the history of Gilbertian drama must not be overlooked. The very first performance of two of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas took place here—*H.M.S. Pinafore* in the Pavilion on the Pier, and *The Pirates of Penzance* in the theatre.

While staying either at Torquay or Paignton a visit should certainly be paid to old-world Brixham, which has afforded subject-matter for countless pictures since that eventful day, the 5th of November, 1688, when William of Orange and his thirty thousand men landed there for the purpose of maintaining the Protestant Religion and the liberties of England. Brixham has been from time immemorial the headquarters

of the fishing fleet of Torbay, and still maintains a great many of the characteristic features which distinguished it at the time when we are told that the hero of the bloodless invasion was carried ashore in the arms of a " stuggy " little man and greeted with the words :—

" God bless your Majesty, King William,
You be welcome to Brixham Quay,
To eat buckhorn and drink bohea,
Along with we ;
And God bless your Majesty, King William."

One of the most picturesque spectacles to be met with in Torbay is the return of the Brixham flotilla of brown-sailed trawlers on a fine evening in summer, to take up its quarters inside the harbour. As the ships round Berry Head, by twos and threes, the sight is one long to be remembered.

Brixham, described by a modern writer as the " Painter's Klondyke," had its bi-centenary celebration thirty-five years ago, when a marble statue of King William was erected on the spot where he landed. The very stone upon which he first placed his foot is carefully preserved, and, by a strange coincidence, it was used for a similar purpose on the 21st July, 1828, when William IV visited Brixham. Ancient chroniclers tell us that the Roman Legions, like the troops of William III, effected a landing on the sands of Torbay, and traces of their encampments are still pointed out at Berry Head and Galmpton Warboro (now forming part of the Churston Golf Course) as well as at the Warberries, two of Torquay's seven hills. In any case we know that it was from Torbay that the squadron of the East India Company, on the 2nd May, 1601, set forth on its first expedition to India, and it was just eighty-nine years later, namely, on the 20th July, 1690, that the united forces of Devon prevented the landing of the French troops, by the help of which, Louis XIV, called by his flatterers either " the Magnificent," or " the Sun King," hoped to effect the restoration of the elder Pretender.

IV.—The Sunny Shores of South Devon.

Dartmouth—Kingswear—Totnes and the River Dart.

"IT was thought best to give up Plymouth, and to put in to that beautiful Dartmouth, the children being most anxious to see everything. . . . This place is lovely, with its wooded rocks, and Church and Castle at the entrance. It puts one in mind of the beautiful Rhine, and its Castle, and the Lurlei." In these simple words the late Queen Victoria expressed her admiration of one of the most charming spots in the British Empire. It was on the 20th August, 1846, that the late King Edward VII saw from the rain-swept deck of the Royal Yacht the land-locked harbour from which, five centuries before, thirty-one ships manned by 757 men had set forth to assist King Edward III in laying siege to Calais. It was in recognition of these signal services that Dartmouth received the grant of arms of "The King in a Ship," to which two lions as supporters were subsequently added. Even at that time the historical record of Dartmouth was one to be proud of, for it was from thence that the valorous Richard Cœur de Lion, on Our Lady's Day of 1190, set out for the Crusade. In the same year commenced the hereditary feud of the hardy Dartmouthians with the French corsairs, and the annals of three hundred years tell the story of a great many burnings and sackings on both sides. These, however, seemingly came to an end before 1620, when the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrim Fathers on board, lay during several days at Dartmouth, on the way to the scene of their final departure at Plymouth for the then mysterious and little known

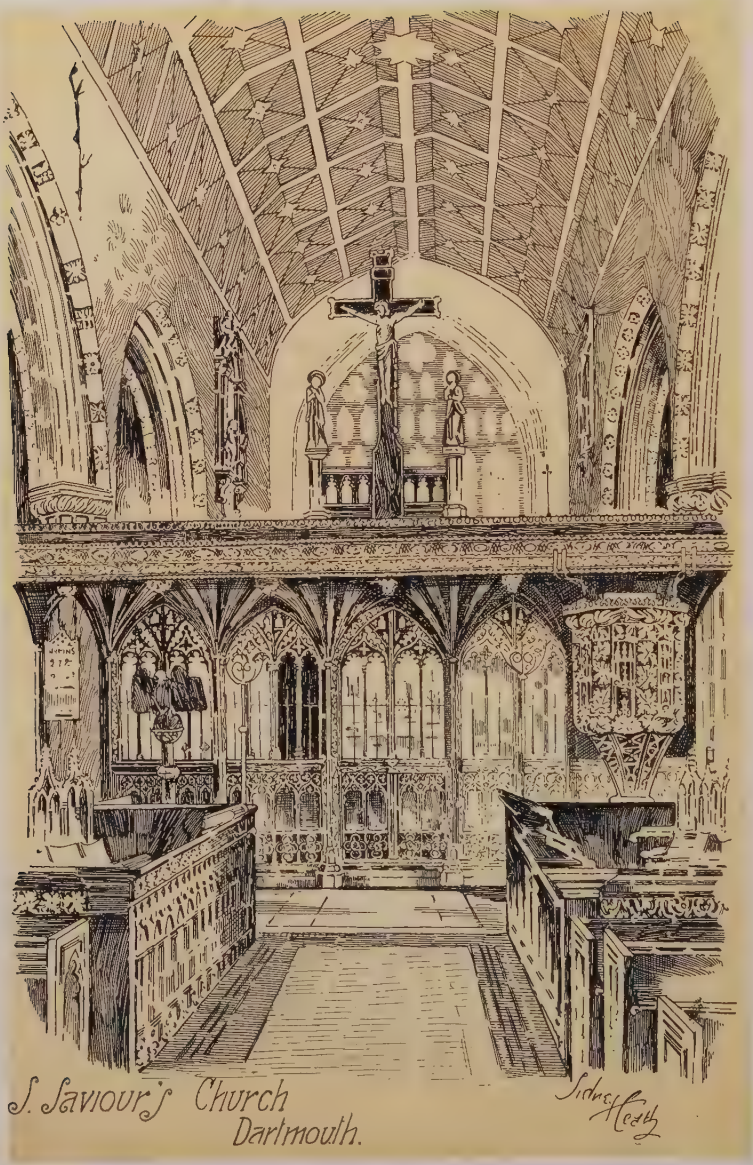
Continent beyond the Seas, which had a short time before proved so disastrous to one of the greatest of the early Devonian Sea Kings. In later times Dartmouth became the trysting-place of the fleet of 500 sail which left these shores year after year for the Newfoundland Cod Fishery. Nor must it be altogether forgotten in these days when progress in the great science of locomotion is drawing Devonshire closer and closer to London, that it was at Dartmouth that Thomas Newcomen, the humble ironmonger in Lower Street, thought out and perfected the invention which played so conspicuous a part in the history of the steam-engine. His old home has vanished, but portions of its carved work have been incorporated with a residence at Townstal, called in his honour "Newcomen Cottage."

Whether Dartmouth be approached by rail, road, river, or the open sea, the romantic scene which bursts on the delighted eyes of the stranger is one not likely to be soon surpassed or easily forgotten. The hearty anathema of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould on the young officer from Egypt who insisted on reading a popular comic paper while travelling in this part of Devonshire in spite of the constant remonstrances of a more appreciative comrade who kept on saying: "We are going through waves of colour, a sea of flowers," and "I want to look out of both windows at once. I can't see enough of it. I feel as if I should cry, *it is so* beautiful," was assuredly well deserved. Mr. Gould arrived at Dartmouth by one of the steamers which ply on the lower and most captivating portion of the great moorland stream rising far away to the north in Cranmere Pool, which you will doubtless meet again and again in the course of your wanderings. Mr. Gould's Dartmouth chapter* should certainly be read by every pilgrim to the Shire of the Sea Kings. "The descent of the Dart," he writes, "should be made as I made it then, on an early summer evening, when the mighty oaks and beeches are casting long shadows, and the reaches of the river are alternately sheets of quivering gold and of purple ink. . . . By the time Dartmouth came in view I could no longer restrain myself, but threw my cap into the air and barely caught it from falling overboard as I shouted 'Hurrah for Merry England! Verily it has scenes which are unrivalled in the whole world.' Indeed now, in gravity, as I

* "A Book of the West," now renamed "A Book of Devon."

Dartmouth.

Dartmouth Castle.


S. Saviour's Church
Dartmouth.
Sidney Heath

write this, I cannot think that I have ever seen any sight lovelier than Dartmouth on an evening in early summer, with Kingswear opposite, the one bathed in soft sweet shadow, and the other glittering and golden in the sun's declining rays." Dartmouth may fairly be congratulated on both the quantity and quality of its local literature,* calculated to help the holiday-maker very materially to enjoy the sights and scenes of the ancient town, beloved alike of yachtsmen, anglers, and antiquaries, which is not only one of the recognised gates of Dartmoor, but one of the starting-points for a tour through the far too little known country of the South Hams. Approaching Dartmouth from the sea, the yachtsman steers a course N. 14 deg. W., which leads up to the narrows between the two castles of Kingswear and Dartmouth. Good anchorage is provided in the Range within Blackstone and Froward Point, or off Warfleet Cove. High water (full and change) is 6 hours 16 mins., or 4 hrs. 56 mins. before Dover.

Dartmouth is naturally proud of perpetuating its maritime traditions, by possessing the nursery of our budding admirals the Royal Naval College, Sir Aston Webb's fine design for which is in sufficient accord with the old-world streets and houses which have survived the ravages of time and the over-zeal of municipal improvers and restorers. It was here that the Prince of Wales and his brother the Duke of York received maritime instruction. The names of Guy de Brian, Hody, Hawkins, Drake, Davis, Gilbert, and the Earl of Dartmouth of Charles II's time, all figure in the golden book of local worthies, nor must it be forgotten that Lord Howe, the hero of "the ever glorious First of June," at one time represented the Borough in Parliament and was responsible for the widening of the New Quay in the first year of the reign of "Good King George." The Church of St. Saviour is well worth a visit, and Mr. Baring-Gould rejoices with reason that "what has been done to it has been reparative and all in the best taste." He informs us that it contains a magnificently painted and gilt wood screen and a pulpit of the same character with the royal badges of later date on its side. A gallery runs round three sides of the church, over the aisles, of ancient date, the panels in front being emblazoned with

* "Up and Down the River Dart" and "Dartmouth Illustrated."—Dartmouth, R. Crawford & Son.

the arms of the merchant princes of the town at the time of its greatest prosperity. The Hawley brass takes us back to the end of the fourteenth century, when John Hawley, the husband first of Joan and afterwards of Alice, " waged the navie of shippes of the port of his own charges, and took 34 shippes laden with wyne to the summe of fifteen hundred tunnes." It is about five hundred years since this notable adventurer was laid to rest, but twentieth-century ladies may still take a retrospective interest in the " exceeding pride of garment " evinced by Joan and Alice Hawley, in their " goodly gownes with deepe and broad sleeves whereof some hung downe to their feet full of cuts and jagges." The disappearance of many of the ancient Dartmouth tenements is to be deplored, for these old-world houses, covered with small slates cut into various devices, " covering them as a coat of mail," were almost unique. Still a good many are left, and a whole day may be devoted to the quest of oaken chimney-pieces, coved ceilings and elaborate ornamentation in moulded stucco. Mr. Baring-Gould (and with reason) insists on the beauty of the walk from Dartmouth to the sea, for the town itself is literally land-locked. With him this excursion at least is *de rigueur*. It is certainly difficult to imagine anything much more picturesque than the narrow street running between houses " giving glimpses of the water, of old bastions and towers, of gardens hanging on the steep slopes, of fuchsias and pelargoniums running riot in the warm, damp air, of red rock and green foliage, jumbled together in the wildest of tangles ; of the blue, still water below, with gulls, living foam-flakes, swaying, chattering over the surface." The church and castle keeping watch and ward over Start Bay, and the entrance to Dartmouth Harbour may very well have been associated by Queen Victoria with loving recollections of the Rhine and the Lurlei. The former is dedicated to St. Petrock, a sixth-century British Saint, whose acquaintance we made at Exeter. It is full of venerable monuments crumbling to decay. Henry VII must be credited with the erection of the existing fortress, but it only superseded an earlier one, and Edward IV had promised a grant from the customs on condition that the citizens built a " stronge and myghtye and defensyve new tower " in addition to stretching a chain across the river. The mother-church of Dartmouth is " set on a hill," and those who care to climb up to the

The Butterwalk, Dartmouth.

The Dart, Kingswear.

Greenway Ferry, River Dart.

Dittisham-on-the-Dart.

once fortified shrine at Townstal, which a few years hence will be entitled to celebrate the six hundredth anniversary of its dedication to St. Mary Magdalene or St. Clement, will be soon convinced that the sixteenth-century Dartmouthians delighted almost as much in the strange conceits of their epitaphs as in the quaintness of the dwellings still to be seen in the Butter Walk, Shambles, Foss Street, and other thoroughfares. The following are fair specimens of what may be read on its walls or pavements :—

" William Roope, of Little
Dartmouth, dyed in Bilbao,
January The 30th, 1666, in the 6
yeare of his abode there beinge
embalmed and pvt into a Leaden
Coffin, was, after Tenn Weekes
Tossinge on the seas, here
Below interred May ye 23
Ao. Dom. 1667 Ætatis svæ 35."

and :—

" Here lyeth buried the Bodie of Robert Holland who
Departed this life 1611 beinge of
the age of 54 years 5 monthes and odd dayes.
Here lies a breathless body and doth showe
What man is, when God claims what man doth owe
His soule a gveste his body a trvble
His tyme an instant, and His breath a bvbble
Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Immediately opposite the quay at Dartmouth is Kingswear, also endowed by nature with a charming situation on a steep slope running down to the water's edge, and a church and castle as old and curious as those just described. Kingswear is the railway station for Dartmouth, with which it is connected by a ferry. Brookhill House on the Kingswear side of the Dart was once the abode of Sir Walter Raleigh, and from it was taken the huge plaster chimney-piece representing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego before Nebuchadnezzar, now to be seen at Newcomen Cottage, Townstal, along with the " clovel " or wooden lintel over the fireplace at which the ingenious Newcomen sat while watching the vapour of his mother's kettle and pondering on the idea of utilising steam as the motor force, which now, after the lapse of the best part of three centuries, brings you from prosaic Paddington

to the poetic banks of the Dart in little over four hours. Tradition declares that it was in the presence of the counterfeit presentment of these four scriptural personages that Walter Raleigh enjoyed the first pipe of tobacco he ever smoked in England.

Autumn travellers in Devonshire should not forget to note Dartmouth Regatta as a sight on no account to be missed. There is no such animated scene or feast of colour to be seen on the Devon coast as Dartmouth Basin at Regatta time, filled with gaily decorated yachts, while the bells of St. Saviour's ring out merry peals in honour of the annual carnival. Whether one proceeds " up " or " down " the Dart is almost immaterial, but the average holiday-maker will find the experience so thoroughly enjoyable that he will prefer halting for one day at least at Dartmouth, to " doing the trip " as part of a short circular tour. In any case he or she is not likely to regret the time devoted to exploring that part of Devonshire

" Where Dart romantic winds its mazy course
And mossy rocks ashen to woody hills."

If you elect to take Dartmouth as a starting-point, the first thing which will arrest your attention while proceeding up the river by steamer at a leisurely pace is the Royal Naval College on Mount Boone, which commands a splendid view of the town and harbour, as well as of the course of the Dart. It was on the 7th March, 1902, that King Edward VII came down to lay the foundation stone, the journey from London to Kingswear being even then accomplished in four hours and twenty-three minutes without a single stoppage. Greenway House still dominates the right bank of the river, standing out boldly amidst clumps of forest trees rendered still more beautiful by the wealth of shrubs and variegated wild flowers which cover the slopes. Greenway disputes with Sherborne Castle and Myrtle Grove the distinction of being the scene of the well-known legends connected with Raleigh's experiences as a pioneer in both potato growing and tobacco smoking. Be this as it may, Greenway was the birthplace of the half-brother of the " discoverer of Virginia," the scarcely less illustrious navigator, Sir Humphry Gilbert, " who set out to explore the remote countries of America and to bring off those *savages* from

The River Dart at Sharpham.

Berry Pomeroy Castle.

The Dart at Totnes.

Fore Street, Totnes.

their diabolical superstitions, to the embracing of the Gospel." He took possession of Newfoundland during the reign of Elizabeth, and on his return perished in a storm with the Bible in his hand, exclaiming, "We are as near to heaven here at sea as on land." One would fain devote a few words to Lower Dittisham, famous for cockles, shrimps, and damsons; to "Fire Beacon Hill"; to Churston and Galmpton Warboro; to the Roman Camp near Waddeton; to Sandridge, the Italian villa built by John Dunning, first Lord Ashburton, on the site of the much older house, the birthplace of another sturdy Devonian sailor, John Davis, the celebrated Arctic voyager, whose little vessels, *Sunshine* (50 tons) and *Moonshine* (35 tons), sailed from Dartmouth on June 7th, 1575, and discovered the passage between Greenland and North America, which bears his name. When he passed through it, it was so narrowed by ice as to be called Davis' Strait. Prince, the author of "The Worthies of Devon," says of Sandridge: "It is a very pleasant and healthy seat on the banks of the east side of the Dart, which compasseth near three parts thereof."* It is, however, impossible to do more than allude to it, for we are already nearing the Longstream, and very soon glide by the ivy-clad tower of Stoke Gabriel and the churchyard, which possesses one of the largest yew trees in existence.

Next comes Bow Creek and the mouth of the Harborne, where trout fishers generally find excellent sport. The always famous salmon-fishery of the Dart has of late years steadily improved, and during the season some splendid fish carefully packed in reed are likely to be placed on board at Duncannon, where the course of the river swerves suddenly to the right. At Sharpham the hill-side is completely covered with the densest foliage. The rookery and heronry of Sharpham Woods are well known, and the opposite bank is one of the favourite haunts of picnickers. At Sharpham House, a little further on, is a wych-elm, visible from the river, overshadowing very nearly a quarter of an acre, with branches eighty feet in length and very often nine in circumference. Politics at one time ran very high both at Dartmouth and Totnes, each of which places sent two members to Westminster. As you come in sight of "Parker's Barn" and get a

* "Up and Down the Dart."

first glimpse of Totnes church-tower and the dim blue outline of the moorlands, somebody is almost sure to tell the story of the free and independent elector who was taken there in a cask to sleep off his libations until such a time as it was of no further consequence how he voted. The immediate approach to Totnes is singularly beautiful. Mr. Baring-Gould devotes some considerable space to the folk-lore of the Tin Stannary town, which is said to have derived its present name from the Saxon word *tot* or *toten*, " to protect," and was already a place of considerable importance in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. It was not till centuries later that Judael de Totenays, to whom William the Norman granted the manor, built the castle with the circular keep, of which you see the ruins, half hidden by giant trees, towering proudly above a still almost perfect moat. Mr. Baring-Gould identifies Totnes with the old Durium of the Itineraries, and as the word signifies water the name was appropriate enough. Iknield Street, the British trackway last heard of at the East Gate of Exeter, traversed Totnes, at the time it occupied very much the position of an inland Gibraltar.

A magnificent church, with a stone screen of singular beauty, occupies the centre of the narrow, rocky ridge, which its mediæval defenders could easily hold against a far stronger force of assailants. Totnes is one of the oldest municipal boroughs in the Kingdom, the first of its charters having been granted as far back as 1215. On the north side of the church are the remains of the old priory of St. Mary, founded by the same Norman Earl as the castle. These buildings have long since been converted into a miniature guildhall, prisons, and a sexton's house. The former is well worth visiting and contains the old Stocks, the Bull ring, a man trap, several pictures and other objects of great historical interest. Many of the fine old mansions of the wealthy Totnes merchants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fortunately remain intact, but by far the most notable of all the ancient buildings of this remarkable place are the old piazzas, or covered ways, at the upper end of one of the steepest High Streets to be found in Devonshire. The Totnes " Butter Walk " closely resembles the " Rows " at Chester, and is almost identical with what one sees so often in Italian cities, as well as in Berne and elsewhere on the Continent.

Not many years ago Totnes possessed a Corn Market, which was erected in front of the church, supported on granite pillars of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Whilst staying at Totnes a great many interesting places may be visited. At Dartington may be seen the remains of the splendid hall of the mansion which once belonged to the Hollands, Dukes of Exeter, and is now the property of the Champernownes.* It dates from the reign of Richard II, whose device, a white hart chained, is repeated several times in the scheme of decoration. The antiquary will be glad to note that on the opposite side of the river is the unique parsonage of Little Hempston, which is, in fact, an untouched priest's house of the fourteenth century. The author of "The Christian Year" was often a visitor at Little Hempston, where he delighted to dream over the life of a parish priest in the Middle Ages. About two miles from Totnes is Harberton, where the fine perpendicular church contains a very elaborate screen which has been carefully restored. Many of the windows have been filled with very fine modern stained glass in memory of the wife and children of Sir Robert Harvey, who has renovated the curious stone cross in the adjoining churchyard. As a set-off against the destruction of the Corn Market, it should be noted that the original East and North Gates of Totnes still exist. Within an easy walk or drive of the town which legend connects with the story of Sylvius and Brute, are the magnificent ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, which will richly repay a visit, not only on account of the interest of the remains themselves, but of the extreme beauty of their situation. Berry Pomeroy is also frequently visited from Torquay and Paignton. Mr. Baring-Gould very ably concludes his brief description of Totnes by remarking that "on all sides, peeping out of woods, above smooth lawns, backed by orchards, appear numerous smiling villas. It would seem that many well-to-do have come to the same conclusion as did Brute, and have made Totnes their seat, saying—

'Here I sit—and here I rest!'

and the visitor will think with old Brute when he said that, and will wish that he could do the same."

A service of road motor-cars (run by the Great Western Railway) makes journeys between Totnes and Paignton at frequent intervals on week days.

* *See* page 95 for the connection of the Froude family with Dartington.

V.—Through the South Hams. The Country of the Avon, the Erme and the Yealm.

Slapton Lea—Kingsbridge—Salcombe—Start Point—Prawle Point—Bolt Head—and Bigbury Bay.

BETWEEN the main line of the Great Western Railway from Totnes to Plymouth and the English Channel lies one of the richest and most prosperous districts of Southern Devon. Rocky headlands (like Prawle Point and Bolt Head), precipitous cliffs, pleasant "coves," strangely shaped creeks often reaching far inland with octopus-like branches, sun-lined "laps" of golden sand, fruitful orchards, giant elms and oaks, hedgerows aglow with wild flowers, smiling meadows and sequestered "combes," where lemons and oranges ripen in the open air and blue hydrangeas lie in masses under the trees—such are some of the distinctive features of the fertile South Hams, through which wind three of the most notable trout-streams having their source amidst the wilds of Dartmoor. Picturesque villages, interesting churches, creeper-covered cottages and venerable manor houses, old-world inns, and an abundance of legend and folk-lore, add very materially to the attractions with which generous nature has endowed this particular portion of the Devonian Riviera, every part of which is easily accessible from the Great Western Station at Kingsbridge, on account of its central position the usually recognised capital of the South Hams. During the summer there are no less than three short circular tours, including in their itinerary the never-to-be-forgotten coach drive from Kingsbridge to Dartmouth by way of

Torcross and Slapton Sands.

Kingsbridge.

Salcombe.

The Harbour, Salcombe.

Torcross and Slapton Sands. There is also constant communication by G.W.R. motor omnibus between Kingsbridge and Salcombe, where the great historian Froude spent the latter portion of his life and which he always looked upon and described as a terrestrial paradise. Motorists and fishermen are not likely to quarrel with Froude's estimate of the South Hams, for the roads are carefully maintained and excellent sport can be obtained everywhere on almost nominal terms. As one of the great holiday-haunts of the future, the prospects of this part of Devonshire are exceptionally bright and encouraging.

It was the good fortune of the writer to journey from Dartmouth to Plymouth by motor, visiting *en route* nearly all the points of interest now alluded to, and after leaving Kingsbridge, passing through Aveton Gifford, Modbury, Ermington, Yealmpton, Brixton, and Plymstock. No sooner is the top of the hill up which the lane-like street of Dartmouth climbs reached, than panoramic prospects of infinite beauty and extent present themselves to the view. At one moment you are looking down on the tree-clad slopes of Kingswear and the placid waters of the land-girt haven which will ever be closely associated with some of the most stirring events of Devonshire's history; at the next the eye wanders seawards as far as Torcross and Start Point beyond it. Beneath the pretty village of Stoke Fleming lies Redlap Cove, and at Blackpool commences the belt of glistening shingle which runs for two miles straight as an arrow and as level as a billiard table, dividing the blue waters of the Channel from the fresh-water pool known as Slapton Lea. You have already understood why the South Hams have been appropriately christened the "Garden of Devon." No enterprising "heart specialist" has as yet pitched on Slapton or Torcross as quite ideal sites for the carrying out of the Nauheim cure, but with the shooter of wildfowl and the disciple of Isaak Walton their names are familiar as household words, although they find no mention in the pages of Mr. Baring-Gould, who also forgets to tell us that "Peter Pindar," the terror of two Kings, was born at Dodbrook, a suburb of Kingsbridge. The energy of the proprietor of the Torcross Hotel brought into existence another "lea" (the term is sometimes given as "lee" and occasionally as "ley") or fresh-water lake in the charming Beeson Valley, barely ten minutes' walk from the Torcross end of the

Slapton Sands. Into this, by the netting of the higher part of Slapton Lea, hundreds of pike and eels and thousands of perch and rudd were introduced, with the most satisfactory results to everybody concerned except possibly the millions of minnows and sticklebacks already in possession. The spade work necessary before this could be done was accomplished by eighty men in sixteen weeks, and it included the creation of three islets, very useful to anglers, and thickly planted with pampas, rhododendrons, and sub-tropical plants. Ever since the new "lea" became a *fait accompli* the accredited journals of sport in general, and fishing in particular, have periodically announced the capture of gigantic pike like those which adorn the cheerful parlour of the popular "Torcross," where boats for perch, pike, and rudd fishing are provided free of charge on the understanding that pike under four pounds in weight are returned to the water, while those turning the scale at twenty pounds become the property of "mine host." The efficient daily services of G.W.R. Motor Cars bring Torcross, Slapton Sands, and the "Leas" into constant touch with the great world beyond the borders of the South Hams.

Kingsbridge stands on one of those many-armed creeks already alluded to as characteristic of this portion of the Devon littoral. At the mouth of the Kingsbridge creek is Salcombe, rivalling in the matter of winter climate not only Torquay, but Falmouth and Penzance. Like Dartmouth, Kingsbridge is, ecclesiastically speaking, a dependent chapelry, the mother church being that of Churchstow, once the property of the Abbot of Buckfast. Combe Royal, the monuments of the Fortescues at East Allington, Lee Priory, and South Milton Church with its old panel-pictures of saints are all well worth visiting, but John Wolcot, the satirist of sovereigns, has left no visible trace in the town which gave him birth. He had probably betaken himself to London before 1778–80, when the troops quartered in the South Hams were singing :—

> "On the ninth day of November, at the dawning in the sky,
> Ere we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie.
> O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, there the mist was lying grey ;
> We were bound against the rebels, in the North America."

and so forth. The literary merits of the chorus were not much greater

than those of the refrain which greeted the ears of Nelson twenty years later at Torre Abbey :—

> "Now God preserve our Monarch, I will finish up my strain ;
> Be his subjects ever loyal, and his honour all maintain,
> May the Lord our voyage prosper, and our arms across the sea,
> And put down the wicked rebels in the North America."

Salcombe can be reached by the G.W.R. motor-cars, already alluded to, or by the little steamer which plies to and fro between that place and Kingsbridge " crig " or quay. The hill-sides are as steep and as thickly wooded as at Devonport. It was in the old castle at Salcombe that Sir Edmund Fortescue, who held it for the King, withstood two brief sieges by Sir T. Fairfax. Notwithstanding that the garrison consisted of only sixty-six men, " Old Bullwastle," otherwise " Fort Charles," was held for four months, and then Sir Edmund and his men were allowed to march out with the fullest honours of war. If the King's soldiers could have subsisted solely upon drinkables the defence might have lasted much longer, for Sir Edmund laid in more than £200 worth of beer and cider, £20 worth of sack, ten hogsheads of punch, and a few pounds worth of " rare and good strong waters." Upon bullets and cannon-balls he spent much less. The Roundheads were very gracious to the undefeated garrison, and the Governor, Sir Edmund Fortescue, was allowed to carry away the key of the Castle, a precious Devonshire relic still preserved by his descendants.

Ringrove House at Salcombe, the former residence of Lord Kingsale, embowered in forest trees and the verdure one might look for at Madeira or Monte-Carlo, has been converted into a comfortable hotel. Terraced gardens, commanding striking views of Portlemouth across the creek, lead down to the water's edge. As Portlemouth was a settlement of Winwaloe, a great Breton saint, Mr. Baring-Gould has more to relate about it than of Salcombe, or even of " The Molte," where James Anthony Froude lived, wrote, and died.

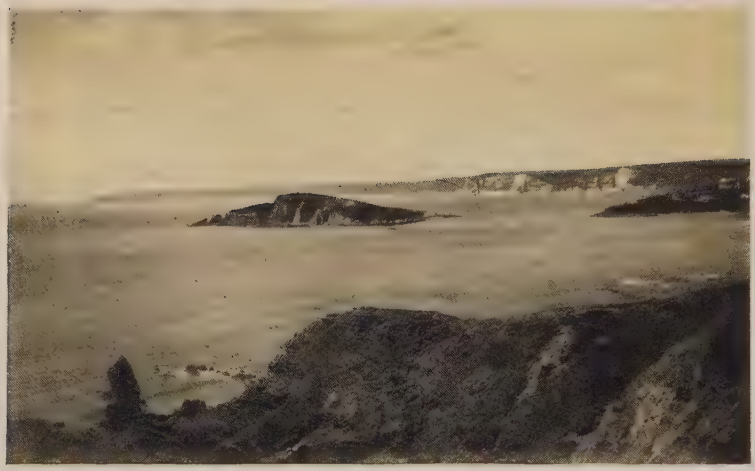
Salcombe has been called the Montpellier of England, and undoubtedly its air and its scenery are alike delicious. The Gulf Stream has done its best for Salcombe, and the soft and beautiful views which charm the eye on every hand are a precious solace to a tired body or a harassed mind. The place attracts visitors in summer and winter alike,

and every year adds something to the completeness of the provision made for their comfort and amusement. Salcombe is, indeed, an interesting example of the success with which a health resort has been built upon the foundations of a fishing village which was once exceedingly prosperous. Two centuries and a half ago the port was so busy that the customs dues, mostly on pilchards, reached £5,000. Little Salcombe in those days traded even with far-away Newfoundland, the the ancestress of all the British dominions beyond the seas.

The remembrance of its long maritime history and its two sieges sets a pleasant flavour of romance beside the modern attractions of Salcombe. The Castle has crumbled to very small dimensions, yet it is a picturesque connecting link between old and new. What is both old and new is the wonderful climate. Salcombe claims that it was in its balmy air—the winter temperature by day rarely falls below 50 degrees—that the aloe first flowered in England. Nor is the aloe the only exotic plant which thrives in this mild soft atmosphere, for the citron, the orange, and the lemon blossom here in open gardens. Nor does winter warmth mean unendurable summer heat—the sea-breezes see to that. Only the Lizard touches farther south.

From both Salcombe and Kingsbridge enjoyable excursions may be made to Bolt Head, Bolt Tail (where there is a prehistoric Castle), and the mouth of the Erme at Oldaport. From the Bolt Head one may sometimes see the " harbour bar " which inspired Tennyson's beautiful lyric " Crossing the Bar," which, however, was written not here, but in the Isle of Wight. Close to Bolt Tail lies Hope Cove, famous for crabs and " White ale," a liquid delicacy which has been described by a disillusioned amateur as " a grey muddy looking fluid, with a taste resembling beer and egg-flip mixed." Yet it is reputed to be of such potency that it cannot be transported for fear of blowing the bottles to pieces ! Still skirting the western coast of this delicious little peninsula, we reach Thurlestone, where the waters of the Avon mingle with the waves of the Channel. Thurlestone takes its name from the " thirling " or drilling of a huge red sandstone rock on the beach by the waves. The old tower of Thurlestone Church enjoys the noble fame of being the spot from which the Spanish Armada was first sighted, and of having sent into the sky the English Beacon-light

North Sands and Bolt Head, Salcombe.



Borough Island, Bigbury Bay.

Thurlestone Village.

which gave the alarm to all the land. The elevated golf course at Thurlestone plays eighteen holes and affords lovely views which reach to the Eddystone. Thurlestone is the happy possessor of excellent sands.

Bigbury and Bigbury Bay are both within easy reach of Modbury. Only twenty years ago a writer on South Devon recorded his opinion that Bigbury Bay was "a lonesome place." Of late years "racing Bigbury" has ceased to be "lonesome"—it has, indeed, become a favourite resort. Well does it deserve its growing popularity, for it is at once sunny and invigorating, with a rainfall much below the average. Here you may catch your own prawns and shrimps, and you have only to rake the sands to find cockles. For those who long for nobler sport there are salmon in the Avon. Being in South Devon, Bigbury naturally has its smugglers' caves, visits to which possess some spice of adventure. The Perpendicular Church contains some memorials of the De Bigburys, the ancient owners of the manor, which remained in their possession and that of their heirs in the female line from the time of King John down to 1891. Despite its new villas there is an unsophisticated charm about Bigbury Bay which inspired the poet of "Devonia" to eulogies that are hardly exaggerated :—

"Oh Bigbury Bay, divinely fair,
A Queen of romantic water ways ;
Not all that words or thoughts may dare,
Can limn thy charm, or speak thy praise."

Borough Island is frequently made the object of a holiday jaunt from Bigbury and close to it is Ringmore village, nestling peacefully in one of those pleasant wooded "combes" which abound in the South Hams.

From Modbury there is a delightful run to Yealmpton and Steer Point. Modbury itself is chiefly noted for possessing a band of musicians dating from Henry VIII's time, when it was called "a consort of fine musicale." "Good Queen Bess" wanted to hear the Modbury orchestra, and as its hereditary chief demurred on account of her royal father, notwithstanding his "huge contentment," having omitted to pay the expenses incurred many years previously, he was promptly deprived of four or five of his best manors. The romantic

and picturesque scenery of the river Yealm into which this excursion takes us, rivals that of the Dart. It is from this stream that Yealmpton (pronounced "Yampton") takes its name. Near "Yampton" is Flete, the beautiful country residence of the Mildmays, who inherited it from the Barings. Very close to the mouth of this lovely little river lie Newton Ferrers and Noss, one on each bank. The one is extraordinarily picturesque, and anywhere but in a land to which Nature has been so bountiful as to South Devon the other would be a conspicuous beauty-spot. On whichever side of the stream you chance to be the view across from one to the other is full of charm. Newton Ferrers is something more than a "delight to the artist," as it is the fashion to say of such places. It is, in fact, one of the beauty-spots of the "Shire of the Sea Kings" and its restful charm makes itself felt the moment the eye embraces it. Few indeed are the fishing villages which Nature has endowed so richly. All around, on both sides of this little estuary, are wide and umbrageous woods and varying, but always delightful, scenery. And you may dally, as you will, in a boat up the river, or fish with all the likelihood of a happy ending to the adventure. The Yealm is, in fact, an exquisite stream which to know is to love. Steer Point, which we pass on the way from Yealmpton to Plymouth, is another beautiful little resort rapidly coming into favour with lovers of the South Devon Coast.

All true Devonians are born fishermen, and Mr. Baring-Gould cannot leave this land of rivers and brooks, bays and creeks, "leas" and estuaries without exclaiming: "What streams these are that flow through the South Hams! What pools under deep banks in which the trout lurk! To him who can obtain permission to fish the Erme, the Avon [and may not the Yealm be added?] can be assured days to be never forgotten of excellent sport in lovely scenery."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

VI.—South Brent, Ivybridge and the Plymptons.

Devonshire and her great Painters.

THE journey by rail from Totnes to Plymouth may be broken at three places, all of which possess an interest peculiarly their own. At Brent the main line is joined by the Kingsbridge branch, and there is much in the quiet little town on the borders of Dartmoor which recommends itself to the holiday-maker in search of pure air and the possibility of interesting pedestrian excursions. From South Brent one can trace the Avon to its source in the wildest part of the Tor country, while Brent Hill affords a magnificent view over the pasture lands of the South Hams and sea coast, from the Exmouth to the mouth of the Yealm. South Brent gains ground year by year in the affection both of artists and anglers, and fishermen "in the know" declare that trout are as abundant in the upper reaches of the Avon as salmon are in the lower. Several packs of harriers and foxhounds meet in the neighbourhood, and the hunting of the otter along the various streams which descend from the moorlands affords excellent sport to those inured to fatigue. The course of the South Devon Golf Club at Wrangaton is only two miles distant. The parish church is dedicated to our old friend, St. Petrock, and many a physician in London as well as the West advises his patients to recruit in the clear atmosphere and bracing air of South Brent.

It has been said that Ivybridge is the most picturesque spot between Newton Abbot and Plymouth. Be this as it may, the pretty village, half hidden amongst the richest foliage, is becoming a favourite haunt of the holiday-maker and a centre for excursions through both Dart-

moor and the South Hams. It is at this point that the railway crosses the Erme by a viaduct more than 100 feet in height. The river flows at Ivybridge through a picturesque ravine into the verdant plain, across which it makes its way past Ermington and Holbeton, into Bigbury Bay. Pedestrians can plan an excellent walking tour to include Ivybridge, Princetown, Two Bridges, and the source of the Erme, for in tolerably dry weather the Dartmoor turf affords pleasant footing.

Although the Plymptons have long since ceased to be serious rivals of Plymouth, the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds possesses an interest which can never be effaced. Mention has already been made of Devonshire in relation both to the Navy and Literature. The Great Duke of Marlborough was born on the Devonshire side of the boundary between that county and Dorset, but it is difficult to realise how imperfect the chronicles of British art would be if one omitted to mention the names of those illustrious Devonians Reynolds, Northcote, Eastlake, Prout, and Haydon, to say nothing of Hart, Hudson (Reynolds's first teacher), Gandy, Hilliard, Brockendon, Lee, the Condys, Luny, Cook, Johns, and in modern times the two Widgerys, Brittan, and Baragwanath King. Few people nowadays attach importance to the oft-repeated rhyme :—

> "Plympton was a market town
> When Plymouth was a furzy down,"

but it is impossible to ignore the significant fact that of those able artists, four—Reynolds, Eastlake, Northcote, and Haydon—"mastered the rudiments" at Plympton Grammar School, the story of which is fully told in Mr. J. Brooking Rowe's "History of Plympton," published by Mr. J. G. Commin, of Exeter. Probably no other seminary of education in the country can boast of having given two Presidents to the Royal Academy. "The Three Towns" (now incorporated as one under the name of Plymouth) are proud of their achievements in war and commerce, but Plymouthians should be equally proud of such notable citizens as Charles Locke Eastlake, Benjamin Robert Haydon, James Northcote, Samuel Prout, Solomon Hart, Samuel Cook, and A. B. Johns. Sir Joshua, doubtless the most famous of them all, and,

Ivybridge.
(*From an old print.*)

Ivybridge.

Plympton Castle.

The Yealm at Newton Ferrers.

in the opinion of most men, the greatest portraitist that England ever produced, was, however, a native of Plympton, where he was born on July 16th, 1723. The ancient school of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was headmaster, owed its existence to the munificence of Elize Hele of Wollaton, and it was founded four years after the restoration of Charles II. The old cloistered school-house, one of the earliest objects of young Reynolds's pencil, still remains, but the adjoining building in which the future President of the Royal Academy was born has been pulled down and replaced by another dwelling, while the portrait of himself which he presented to the Corporation on his election as Mayor (an honour of which he was immensely proud) was sold in 1832 for £150 to the Earl of Egremont.

An excellent and most readable account of Sir Joshua Reynolds's relations with his native county from the days when he painted the head of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's tutor on a piece of common sail cloth with the materials used by ship-builders as a medium, before he was despatched to London to enter the studio of Thomas Hudson of Exeter, then at the zenith of his fame as a portrait painter, may be found in Mr. A. L. Salmon's "Literary Rambles in the West of England." Some details of the visit to Devonshire which Dr. Johnson paid under the ægis of his friend Sir Joshua will be found under the heading of Plymouth. The great dictionary maker revelled in such local luxuries as cyder, honey, and Devonshire cream, and the profound impression he excited amongst the Plympton magnates had possibly something to do with the civic honours subsequently conferred on his companion. A handsome memorial to Reynolds which has been erected at Plympton now in some measure atones for the demolition of his birth-place and the disappearance of his picture. The best epitaph, however, which was ever penned on the illustrious son of Plympton consists in the light and vivid verses of Goldsmith, commencing with the lines :—

> "Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
> He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
> His manners were gentle, complying, and bland."

and ending :—

> "When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

Quite apart from the memories of Reynolds, both Plympton Erle and Plympton St. Mary, the Plintona of Domesday Book, will amply repay a visit. Plympton signifies a town " at the head of the water," and in a manner the Plymptons formed the mother town of Plymouth. At the dissolution of the monasteries Plympton Priory proved to be one of the richest conventual houses in Devon. There was a collegiate establishment at Plymouth as early as the tenth century, and Plymouth had some difficulty in escaping from the leading-strings of the Plympton ecclesiastics. Plympton Castle in its earliest youth underwent almost as many sieges as Rougemont itself, and was dismantled long before the Civil Wars, though Leland speaks of the ruins of " a faire large castelle and dungeon, whereof the walles yet stande, but the logginges within be decayed." Amongst the Parliamentary representatives of Plympton Erle, otherwise called Plympton St. Maurice, may be mentioned William Strode, one of the five members whom Charles I endeavoured to arrest; Sir Nicholas Slanning, the Royalist Cornishman, often described as " one of the four wheels of Charles's Wain "; Sir Christopher Wren, and in modern times Lord Castlereagh. When George III and Queen Charlotte visited Devonshire in 1789 they were entertained at Saltram, where not many years before Reynolds had painted his celebrated portrait of the famous Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the notorious Duchess of Kingston, of whom, it has been said, Thackeray subsequently drew a pen-picture as " Beatrix " in " Esmond."

VII.—Plymouth. The Home of the Sea Kings.

The Hamoaze—The Tamar and The Tavy.

"O dear Plymouth town! and O blue Plymouth Sound,
O where is your equal on earth to be found?"

THESE lines eloquently testify to the hold which Plymouth had on the affections of the British sailor during the Great War in which Napoleon and Nelson strove incessantly for the supremacy of the Sea. You cannot turn over half a dozen pages of one of the song-books of the period without coming across complimentary allusions to Plymouth—and be it confessed to Polly. Mr. Baring-Gould is quite at one with Jack as to the transcendent merits of the Sound.* "The Bay of Naples," he writes, "has Vesuvius and an Italian sky, but lacks the wealth of verdure of Mount Edgcumbe, and has none of those wondrous inlets that make of Plymouth Sound a watery hand displayed, and of the Three Towns† a problem in topography which it requires long experience to solve."

As you stand on Plymouth Hoe you realise at once the phenomenal beauty as well as the unrivalled historic interest of what has been justly called the finest marine parade in the world. A light haze veils the Eddystone Lighthouse from view, but within a few yards of your coign of vantage rises Plymouth's tribute to the genius of Smeaton, consisting most appropriately of the greater part of the famous lighthouse which braved successfully the storms and stress of over a century, while close to it the eye falls on the statue of Francis Drake—

* "A Book of the West" (now renamed "A Book of Devon").

† This refers to Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, now incorporated as Plymouth.

king of Devonshire's sailor heroes—and the memorial of the Armada Tercentenary over a quarter of a century ago reminds you of the immortal game of bowls which Drake would not allow the news of the approach of the invading Spaniards to interrupt. The Elizabethan bowling-green has been reconstructed, and visitors can now still more easily conjure up visions of the historic scene of 1588. Drake was buried at sea, but Martin Frobisher, his fellow "adventurer" (in the days when the term enjoyed a very different meaning from that which it does at present), lies somewhere in the grand old Plymouth Church of St. Andrew, which also shelters a portion of the remains of Robert Blake, and where the irreverent hands of over-zealous nineteenth century "restorers" have placed the gravestone of Charles Mathews, comedian (and "Blue Friar"), in such a position as to ensure its brief inscription being speedily obliterated by the tread of unconscious worshippers. Plymouth is not only one of the finest travel-centres that Western England, of which it is the uncrowned metropolis, can boast, but a shrine and place of pilgrimage both as regards the Old World and the New. It was from Plymouth that Cook started on his last voyage, but long before that the Barbican and the Hoe had been associated with the prowess of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who took possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth in 1583; of John Davis, the pioneer of Arctic exploration, and of Sir Walter Raleigh, the coloniser of Virginia; to say nothing of Sir Richard Grenville, the three Hawkinses, or the Plymouth Company. The sailing of the *Mayflower* from Plymouth, in 1620, marked an epoch in the annals of nations. Plymouth played as important a part in the foundation of Maine and Virginia as it did long afterwards in the earlier phases of Australian emigration. American travellers never leave Plymouth without visiting the rough stone bearing the word *Mayflower* and the date of her departure from these shores. It is there they realise the force of Elihu Burritt's admirable epigram: "Plymouth! Old Plymouth!! Mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world that wear her memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of all their children and before the date of every outward letter, *this is the Mother Plymouth, sitting by the Sea.*"

Plymouth Hoe.

Drake's Statue, Plymouth Hoe.

Armada Memorial, Plymouth Hoe.

Turning from the time-worn Carolean citadel, which forms a fitting background for the visible mementoes of an eventful past, you look across the Sound and the southern extremity of the Hamoaze to glorious Mount Edgcumbe, the eastern boundary and beginning of the Cornish Riviera. When the tints of autumn have begun to fall on the forest trees encircling the mansion, where at least six English sovereigns have enjoyed the traditional hospitality of successive generations of the House of Edgcumbe, they add to rather than diminish the loveliness of the prospect from the Hoe, which a century ago elicited from the pen of David Garrick the lines commencing :—

> " This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses,
> 'Tis the haunt of the Muses, the Mount of Parnassus."

The home of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe dates from the reign of Henry VIII, and one day in each week the public are allowed to visit the park, but the English, French and Italian gardens, and the stately orangery, are opened only on special occasions. The owners of Mount Edgcumbe have ever been patrons of the Muses. The first Earl encouraged the early efforts of Joshua Reynolds, the Plympton prodigy, and enjoyed the *bons mots* of David Garrick. His successor was an accomplished musician, who, if he had not been born in the purple, would have won name and fame as a composer and a poet. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that Mount Edgcumbe is rich in " Sir Joshuas," that the library abounds with rarities of literature, and that one of the largest malachite vases in existence is to be seen there. Queen Victoria has placed on record her keen appreciation of the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe and its surroundings. " Plymouth is beautiful," she wrote in her diary of those happy yachting tours of some seventy years ago, when the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, placed his foot for the first time on the Hoe of Hawkins and Drake, of Raleigh and Robert Blake, " and we shall always be delighted to return there." Her opinion is shared to-day by the countless throng of travellers, great and small, of pilgrims from across the seas, of holiday-makers from London, the Midlands and the North, of motorists, yachtsmen and antiquaries, and of searchers after health, rest or change, who realise by personal experience the unlimited

possibilities of " Mother Plymouth " as one of the most attractive travel-centres of the British Empire.

The literature of Plymouth is both rich and varied. Its history has been written from different points of view by such competent authorities as Messrs. R. N. Worth, Llewelyn Jewitt, H. F. Whitfield, and the late W. H. K. Wright. The ancient Guildhall, formerly used as a public library, is the place where Nelson and Canning in turn became Freemen of the Borough, whose proud device of " *Turris fortissima est nomen Jehova* " breathes the sturdy spirit of Robert Blake and his contemporaries. Although the building is supposed to date only from the last year of the 18th century, the writer believes it enshrines more than is generally believed of the features of a far older structure. Mediæval glass still exists in the upper portions of the windows, and parts of the roof are unquestionably of very early origin. A larger and more spacious building has been erected in one of the principal thoroughfares, as well as an Art Gallery and Museum. These buildings form an enviable addition to the architecture of Plymouth. There is a " vanishing Plymouth," just as perceptible as the much-talked-of " vanishing London," and it is in the fitness of things that the deserted " Hôtel de Ville " should, in its enforced retirement from municipal affairs and uses, afford a shelter for the ancient books, drawings, prints, and portraits which tell the story of " Mother Plymouth " from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Michael Drayton down to the golden Georgian epoch when Joshua Reynolds welcomed Samuel Johnson to his native town, and the great lexicographer came to St. Andrew's Church to listen to the eloquence of Dr. Zachariah Mudge, whose bust by Chantrey still looks down on the pavement of the south aisle, from which the early Victorian iconoclasts moved the tombstone of the great actor, Charles Mathews, whose death, like that of Garrick, for a time " eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

The ancient Guildhall occupies a triangular piece of ground formed by the junction of High Street (to which somewhat contemptuous allusion is made by Sir William Davenant in his " Newes from Plymouth "), Whimple Street (where Benjamin Robert Haydon first saw the light), and Looe Street, leading to Vauxhall Street, where in

the now forgotten Payne's Prince George Tavern, in 1786, one of the principal inns of the town, William Henry Duke of Clarence, then popularly known as "jolly young tarry breeks," but destined forty-four years later to become King of these realms, "was initiated into the ancient and honourable society of Freemasons in Lodge No. 86." This was on the 9th March. Two months later his name was added to the roll of Plymouth Freemen, which before the Great War, then about to begin, was over, was to bear the names of Horatio Nelson, most illustrious of sailors, and George Canning, equally famous in the world of politics. The present building is said to be the third Guildhall which has occupied the same site in the very heart of the old Plymouth, from which the tenements of the time of Francis Drake and his brother adventurers have not altogether disappeared. The name of Catte Street has been changed to Stillman Street; Palace Court Council School has supplanted the timbered dwellings in which the hospitable Paynter entertained Katherine of Arragon, after she had returned thanks at St. Andrew's Church for her safe passage to England, where she was soon to realise the truth of Shakespeare's words, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Charles II had no special love for the place which had given his father's troops so much trouble, and still stuck manfully to a motto savouring of Puritanism. He built the citadel, now faced by some of Plymouth's most cherished memorials, but many of its guns were so arranged as to dominate the three sister townships, for Stonehouse as well as Devonport (then known as Plymouth Dock) may be considered as forming part of the "Mother Plymouth" of history. It was possibly to please the "Merry Monarch" that the complacent Davenant put into the mouth of "Cable" the words:—

> "This town is dearer than Jerusalem
> After a year's siege; they would make us pay
> For daylight, if they knew how to measure
> The sunbeams by the yard. Nay, sell the very
> Aire too, if they could only serve it out in fine
> China bottels; if you walk but three times
> In the High Street they will ask you money
> For wearing out the pebbles."

It is only just to say that the modern traveller will have no reason to quarrel with either Plymouth prices or Plymouth accommodation.

If the palmy days of the "Turk's Head," the "Mitre," the "Rose and Crown," the "Old Four Castles," and the "Prince George" are over, other hostelries abounding in twentieth-century requirements and improvements have come into existence. Nor need he have any fear of a dull evening when the day's excursion or sight-seeing is over, The Theatre Royal still maintains the high reputation it enjoyed in the middle of the last century, and not far from Millbay Station is the handsome Palace of Varieties with its ornate exterior, its views of Armada scenes in encaustic tiles and its luxurious fittings. Excellent concerts and other entertainments are given constantly on the Pier, which is now one of Plymouth's recognised attractions.

Plymouth may be fairly described as the terrestrial paradise of the modern excursionist. Let him prolong his stay there for an entire month and there is still something left to see. To the lover of boating the "Tamar's faithful bound," the Hamoaze estuary, the Lynher, the Plym, and the Yealm afford golden opportunities. Plymouth is popular with yachtsmen. The stream here sets to the westward two hours before high water at Dover, with rises of 15½ ft. at springs and 12 ft. at neaps. There is deep anchorage off the Hoe, and under the north side of Drake's Island, while Cattewater is safe in all winds. Trout fishing may be obtained at a moderate cost in the fruitful waters of the Tavy, the Plym and half a dozen other streams, while the waters round Plymouth afford ample opportunities for the lover of every kind of deep-sea fishing.

A useful leaflet containing details of half-day and whole day excursions can be obtained free on application at the booking office of the Great Western Railway Stations or offices at Plymouth, either in summer or winter, the arrangements being suited to the season. Special handbills are also issued setting out the steamer excursions during the summer.

As far back as 1789, Fanny Burney clearly realised the possibilities of Plymouth in the matter of an infinity of pleasant excursions by sea, river, and land. The broad waters of the Hamoaze, from which Nelson and so many of his captains have dated their letters, become, a short distance to the north of Devonport, the estuary of the Tamar and the Lynher, and a little further on in the same direction the Tavy,

The Pier and Sound, Plymouth.

Plymouth Hoe and Pier, from the Citadel.

Plymouth Sound and Breakwater.

flowing southwards from Tavistock, joins the Tamar on its course towards Plymouth. The picturesque banks of all these streams can be visited with the greatest ease and enjoyment while sojourning in Plymouth. In the Burney Diary it is recorded that on the 25th August, 1789, " all ' the Royals ' went sailing up the Tamar ; and I had the pleasure of a visit from the very amiable and ingenious Miss Harriett Bowdler, whom I had not seen since the tea-party at Mrs. De Luc's in my first monastic year." Queen Charlotte and her daughters came back loud in their praises of the romantic charms of Cotehele, and Miss Burney's account of their proceedings is still excellent reading. It seems that a feud arose between the sea captains and Lord Mount Edgcumbe, on account of the former being disappointed of a dinner to meet " the Royals," but Miss Burney is enthusiastic in her praises both of Mount Edgcumbe and the host's son, Lord Valletort. Of the former she writes : " It is surprising to see the state of vegetation at this place, so close to the main : myrtles, pomegranates, evergreens and flowering shrubs all thrive and stand the cold when planted in a southern aspect as safely as in an inland country." Of Lord Valletort, she says : " He is a most neat little man and his face has the roses and lilies as finely blended as in that of his pretty young wife." Nearly sixty years later Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, accompanied by the late Empress Frederick of Germany and King Edward VII, followed the example of " the Royals " in 1789, and explored the creeks of the Tamar, as well as the estuary of the Tavy. Notwithstanding the adverse weather they encountered, the Queen records in her diary that the river scenery which met their view was very nearly the most beautiful she had ever seen. The praises of the Tamar and the Tavy have been sung by more than one poet, and in that interesting book entitled " Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," Mrs. Bray gives a long account of William Browne, the Tavistock poet, to whose works allusion is made in the Introduction. Not far from Tavistock and the Tavy, on the borderlands of the moor, is Yelverton, the junction for the only railway line which actually penetrates Dartmoor. This place is rapidly developing as a holiday resort and residential suburb to Plymouth. For many years the " knowing " physician has sent his patients there to enjoy the benefits of the balmy, bracing

breezes of the gorse and heather-clad "downs." Many delightful places are at hand, including Dousland Barn, Horrabridge, Buckland Monachorum, Clearbrook, Roborough (a service of G.W.R. road motor cars runs between Roborough and Plymouth on week days) and Bickleigh. Tavistock will be spoken of later on in connection with Dartmoor, but the Tavy and its leafy banks inspired Browne with those allegorical verses which perpetuate his memory in Western Devon. It is in words like these that he depicts the course of the river which flowed past his birthplace :—

"Tavy creeps upon
The Western Vales of fertile Albion.
Here roughly dashes on an aged rock
That his intended passage doth up-lock ;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander :
Here amourously bent, clips some fair mead ;
And then dispersed in rills, doth measures tread
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry banks."

Of the countryside itself he says :—

"Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head ;
Here round a Maypole some the measures tread ;
There boys the truant play and leave their book ;
Here stands an angler with a baited hook ;
There for a stag one lurks within a bough ;
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow ;
There on a silky plain (by time thrown down)
Lies buried in his dust some ancient town."

Dartmoor, as we shall see later on, can boast of two poets, William Browne and Robert Herrick, but it is only incidentally that one can gather the real opinion of the country in which they passed their lives. Browne, the Bard of the Tavy, had possibly more genuine sympathy with Devonshire than Herrick, and if anything can condone the constant striving for classicalism which disfigures most of the effusions of the former, it is the epitaph upon the Countess of Pembroke, still to be read in Salisbury Cathedral, and the amusing satire with which, in the ballad entitled "Lydford Journey," he describes a Dartmoor

Municipal Buildings and St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth.

Plymouth Sound from Mount Edgcumbe.

Royal Albert Bridge, Saltash.

Abbey Buildings, Tavistock.

town—once apparently Tavistock's most formidable rival. It begins with the frequently quoted words :—

"But I oft' have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hunt and draw
And sit in judgment after,"

and ends :—

"At six o'clock I came away,
And pray'd for those that were to stay
Within a place so arrant.
Wide and ope, the winds that roar
By God's grace I'll come there no more
Unless by some tin warrant."

VIII.—Dartmoor. Its Literature, Legends, Lays, and Landmarks.

Tavistock and the Western Borderlands.

THE fascinations of Dartmoor for every class of traveller are both infinite and irresistible. They address themselves with equal force to the antiquary, the artist, the naturalist, the invalid, and the ordinary holiday-maker. Just as Wessex has come to be described as Thomas Hardy's country, and as Exmoor will for all time be identified with the memory of R. D. Blackmore, so Dartmoor is intimately associated with the verses of William Browne and Robert Herrick, and the prose of Charles Kingsley, S. Baring-Gould, and Eden Phillpotts. Dartmoor may be approached and explored conveniently from all points of the compass—from Tavistock (with which we are immediately concerned) on the west, from Ivybridge and Totnes on the south, and from Newton Abbot on the east. When, more than a century ago, the great prison at Princetown was adapted for the reception of our captives during the French War, Dartmoor was, comparatively speaking, *terra incognita*. One of the great highways, however, from Cornwall to London traversed a portion of it, and it was by that route that during a dark November day in 1805, the commander of the *Pickle* brought the news of the victory at Trafalgar and the death of Nelson to London.

There are very few parts of England about which so much has been written as Dartmoor. Those who are interested in the subject should

The Abbey Bridge, Tavistock.

The Gorge, Lydford.

Tavy Cleeve, Lydford.

certainly read as carefully as may be "The Perambulations of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor," by the late Samuel Rowe. M.A., "The Ancient Stone Crosses of Dartmoor and its Borderland," the "Folk Rhymes of Devon," by William Crossing, "Dartmoor Illustrated," by T. A Falcon, M.A., "Pictorial Dartmoor," and "Devon, its Moorlands, Streams, and Coast," by Lady Rosalind Northcote, illustrated with charming coloured plates after the renowned West-country artist, Mr. F. J. Widgery. All these beautiful works have been published during the past few years by Mr. J. G. Commin, of Exeter, whilst "The History of Devonshire Scenery," by no less an authority than A. W. Clayden, Principal of the University College at the Royal Albert Memorial, Exeter, has thrown still more light on the same entrancing subject. Very readable also is "An exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities with some account of its Borders," by John L. W. Page, published in London in 1889, and last, but not least, must be mentioned the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Book of Dartmoor," produced in the last year of the nineteenth century under the ægis of Messrs. Methuen. Much that is contained in this book is condensed into a single chapter of the same eminent writer's Devon volume of "A Book of the West" (now renamed "A Book of Devon"), and those in search of the lighter kind of handbook will welcome the assistance afforded them by Mr. W. Crossing's "Amid Devonia's Alps," and Mr. B. F. Cresswell's "Dartmoor and its Surroundings." Mr. Eden Phillpotts' novels have helped to make the great moorland of the south as popular as Exmoor has become since the appearance of "Lorna Doone," and it must be remembered that although Browne and Herrick wrote very little about the majestic and awe-inspiring solitudes in the immediate vicinity of which they lived and died, the praises of Dartmoor have been sung by Carrington, who loved to dwell on the splendour

> "Of rock-crowned heights on which the cloud
> For ever rests; and wilds stupendous, swept
> By mightiest storm:—of glen, and gorge, and cliff
> Terrific, battling o'er the stone-strewn vale."

And the late Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, in his far too-little-known poem "Rhoda, a Devonshire Eclogue," writes :—

> "Towers up a tract of granite; the huge hills
> Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists
> Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.
> It is the home of rivers, and the haunt
> Of great cloud armies, borne on ocean blasts
> Out of the wide Atlantic wilderness—
> Far stretching squadrons with colossal stride
> Marching from peak to peak, or lying down
> Upon the granite beds that crown the heights"

The tableland of Dartmoor occupies no less than 225 square miles of country. It represents an upheaval of granite attaining at places a height of over two thousand feet above sea-level. One portion of it is known as "The Forest," and is part and parcel of the Duchy of Cornwall. Surrounding it are the commons, which belong to the various moorland parishes. By the enclosure of a considerable tract a number of rough grazing farms have been formed, but a great deal of it remains to-day "just what it was," to use Mr. Baring-Gould's appropriate description, "thousands of years ago, boulder-strewn ravines, through which rush impetuous streams, rocky high ground with huge blocks of granite, so weather-worn and piled up as to suggest to the stranger that some Titans had so placed them to serve as castles, or to add a romantic touch to already wild scenery." Great sweeps of heather and furze-clad downs run up to these elevations, and many of these rude stone monuments lie scattered about in all directions. It must not be forgotten that Dartmoor is also the mother of all the great South Devonshire rivers, for it is in the vast tracts of bog on both sides of the equator of the moor that are nursed the mountain streams which in due course become the Avon, the Erme, the Yealm, and the Plym. In the works above alluded to will be found not only a full account of the geology of Dartmoor, but much that is interesting about its menhirs, sacred circles, roads, barrows, and cairns. The dwellings of the early inhabitants of Dartmoor can still be traced by their implements of stone, brass, flint and granite, as well as by their arrow heads and primitive pottery. To those interested in such matters,

Dartmoor indeed furnishes a happy hunting-ground, and it may well be doubted whether in any part of the United Kingdom can be found so many remains of a vanished population as in the line of wild country between Okehampton and Ivybridge, and Tavistock and Bovey Tracey.

The folk-lore of Dartmoor is quite as rich as one might expect of a locality where the existence of fairies and pixies, witches and wizards, ghosts and omens, supernatural "cries," and mysterious indications of good or bad luck are still to some extent religiously believed in. All these things one may study conveniently on Dartmoor while inhaling the purest and most bracing air in all England, and enjoying that wild and weird scenery which attaches itself so appropriately to such stories as that of the "Gurt old sperit of the Moors," and the phantom black sportsman, hunting with black fire-breathing dogs, known as wish-hounds.

Dartmoor is as essentially a land of many waters as it is a land of many rocks. In the dryest of dry summers, when the grass everywhere else is burnt up and the wells become exhausted, Dartmoor remains green, and the drovers from all the neighbouring districts come there with their cattle in search of the food and drink which cannot be found elsewhere. The Devonshire moormen, who have authority over the four regions into which Dartmoor is divided, are able to identify the different herds of cattle which graze upon it; but a fog on Dartmoor is a thing not to be forgotten by anybody who has encountered it, and many are the stories of those who have lost their way in the impenetrable mist which gathers as suddenly as it disappears. Although Dartmoor is not so closely connected with sport as Exmoor, the small dark trout which are caught in the neighbourhood of Two Bridges and elsewhere are unquestionably delicious; and at Easter-time hare hunting is the order of the day, with a final grand gathering at Bellever Tor. As Mr. Gould writes :—*

"'Tis merry in the autumn
When snipe and cock appear
And never see a keeper
To say, No shooting here!

* "A Book of the West" (since renamed "A Book of Devon").

We stack the peat for fuel,
We ask no better fire,
And never pay a farden
For all that we require.
O the merry Dartimoor
O the bonny Dartimoor
I would not be where I'm not free
As I am upon the Moor "

At certain stations on the Great Western Railway tickets are issued for a short circular tour, which begins at Tavistock and comprises those portions of the moors which are usually visited from its " Western Gateway." Tavistock is, of itself, a place of considerable interest, and its literary memories include not only those of Mrs. Bray, the authoress of " Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," but Miss Rachel Evans and Mrs. Charles. The former wrote a readable local book entitled " Home Scenes," while " The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," one of the classics of our childhood, is the principal production of the latter. The picturesque little town on the banks of the Tavy has been described by several writers as one of the prettiest in Devonshire, and its fortunes from time immemorial have been more or less bound up with those of the Russell family, whose Devonshire residence, Endsleigh, is not far from it. Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist, was connected with Lamerton, a village only a few miles north-west of Tavistock. In Tavistock are the remains of the once-powerful Benedictine Abbey, founded in the middle of the tenth century by Ogar, Earl of Devonshire, the father of Elfrida. About thirty years after its establishment it was destroyed by the Danes during their expedition up the Tamar, but was rebuilt with greater magnitude, and largely endowed by Henry I and other benefactors. The parish church is a handsome building, dedicated to St. Eustachius, and contains many memorials of interest. Apart from its literary celebrities, the principal worthies of Tavistock are Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Glanville. The handsome tombstone erected as a memorial of the latter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth still exists. From the time of Edward I until the Reform Bill, Tavistock sent a representative to Westminster. A century ago its member was Lord William Russell, who many years later was assassinated by his Swiss valet.

Burrator Reservoir.

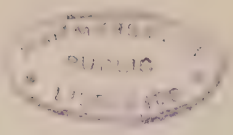
The Old Manaton Road.

Yelverton, from the Downs.

Leather Tor, near Yelverton.

Amongst expeditions generally undertaken by holiday-makers whilst staying at Tavistock are walks and drives to Fitzford (the scene of one of Mrs. Bray's novels), Walreddon House, which dates from Edward VI's time, and Kilworthy, the ancient home of the Glanvilles, in the valley beneath which flows the beautiful Walla, immortalized in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals." Crowndale, the birthplace of Drake, is within walking distance of Tavistock, and only a little further off is Harewood House, the scene of Mason's "Tragedy of Elfrida." A very pleasant excursion may be made up the valley of the Tavy as far as the source of the river at Fur Tor. Amongst the most delightful scenery of the Dartmoor borderlands is that of Tavy Cleave, St. Peter Tavy, and St. Mary Tavy. The former is a narrow but very beautiful ravine, through which the river rushes noisily in the direction of Tavistock. The golf course on Whitchurch Down, close to the town, is good enough to attract visitors from long distances. Whitchurch, the little village nestling beneath the downs, is rapidly gaining ground with holiday-makers, and a "halt" has been provided at which the principal Great Western trains stop. Those who read Browne are almost sure to find their way to Lydford, where although unlikely to be able to identify all the strange things he describes, they will be invited to inspect the court-room said to be haunted by the wraith of Judge Jeffreys in the form of a black pig. The picturesque glen with its cascade should also be included in this excursion. Tavistock is certainly a place not only to visit but to explore carefully, for as Mr. A. L. Salmon very rightly observes* "Besides these literary associations, the district of Tavistock teems with traditions and memories: legends of the Abbey and of the moor, of the river and its bridges, the manors, the villages, the churches. These are the things to look for in the guide books, which in this respect have done their duty admirably. But it is a satisfaction to find that so beautiful a town and neighbourhood can claim some distinction also in the glorious annals of English literature."

* "Literary Rambles in the West of England."



IX.—Dartmoor. Its Roads, Rivers, Rocks and Resting-places.

Yelverton—Newton Abbot—Manaton—Bovey Tracey—Moretonhampstead and Chagford.

IF the explorer of Dartmoor be wise he will provide himself before starting with a good map and one of the latest time-tables and coaching programmes issued by the Great Western Railway, in which a mass of useful information as to coaching and other circular tours will be found. In addition to the study of the G.W.R. time-table and the map now placed at the disposal of the reader, the abridged edition of Rowe's "Perambulations,"* will materially assist the stranger both to understand and enjoy the weird beauties which have been described as "a wild mixture of heather, bog, rocks, and rapid streams." Mention has been made of Browne and Lord Coleridge in relation to Dartmoor and its borderlands, but it must not for a moment be forgotten that "Devonia's Dreary Alps" have their own uncrowned laureate in the person of Noel Thomas Carrington (1777–1830),† the son of a Plymouth grocer, who served as a seaman on the occasion of Sir John Jervis's great victory of July 14th, 1797, and till within a short time of his death was head of a private academy in Devonport. His poem entitled "Dartmoor," which appeared in 1826, if a trifle stilted and bombastic, did something towards commencing that popularising of the district he so ardently loved—a district which has since progressed so rapidly by the aid of railway enterprise and the

* J. G. Commin, Exeter, Publisher.

† *See* page 71.

Compton Castle.

Bradley Woods, Newton Abbot.

Forde House, Newton Abbot.

The Hall, Forde House, Newton Abbot.

literary efforts of Messrs. Baring-Gould and Eden Phillpotts. It was not in vain that Carrington asked :—

> " Shalt thou alone
> Dartmoor ! in this fair land where all beside
> Is life and beauty, sleep the sleep of death,
> And shame the map of England ? "

While looking at the prehistoric remains centred in its village-circles—its rude implements, dolmens and kistvaens—one cannot help feeling that :—

> " E'en here,
> Man, rude untutor'd man, has liv'd, and left
> Rude traces of existence."

While following the course of the Plym, the Cad or the Meavy as you journey from Plymouth to Princetown, or while watching the junction of the two Darts at Dartmeet, it is not difficult to realise the debt which the " Shire of the Sea Kings " owes to the great central watershed of which Carrington wrote so eloquently :—

> " For other fields
> Thy bounty flows eternal. From thy sides
> Devonia's rivers flow ; a thousand brooks
> Roll o'er thy rugged slopes ; 'tis but to cheer
> Yon Austral meeds unrivall'd, fair, as aught
> That bards have sung, or fancy has conceived,
> 'Mid all her rich imaginings."

The times have come at last which the poet-pedagogue dared only dimly to foreshadow. In the twentieth century " Devonia's Dreary Alps " are hailed as one of the healthiest and pleasantest of British holiday-haunts, and the " dauntless grasp of Industry," in the shape of the telegraph and the telephone, the motor coach, the cycle and the motor car, have at last assailed

> " The dread wilderness,"

as well as " yon Austral meeds," fertilised and made beautiful by the limpid waters of the two Darts, the two Teigns, the Taw, the Okement, the Lyd, the Tavy, the Walkham, the Plym, the Yealm, the Erme, the Avon and many others.

The ancient and Royal Forest and Chase in reality occupies only a small portion of the vast tract of upland usually designated as Dartmoor. The four " quarters " of the Forest, North, South, East, and West, lie between Belston Tor and Cawsand Hill or Beacon at one extremity, and Plymsteps, Abbot's Way and Huntingdon Cross at the other. From East to West the principal boundary points may be roughly given as Dartmeet and Walla Brook, in the direction of Ashburton and Moretonhampstead, and Rattle Brook, Mis Tor and Princetown in that of Lydford, Tavistock, and Yelverton. The remains of the old Trackway, Chiltonford Down, Bellever Tor, and Two Bridges, may be spoken of approximately as occupying the centre of the Forest, while Widdecombe, Buckland-in-the-Moor, Holne, the Haytor Rocks, and fifty other familiar places of pilgrimage lie in the eastern borderlands. Cranmere Pool, the mother of many waters, lies in the centre of the upper portion of the Forest, almost equidistant between Green Tor on the West and Kes Tor on the East. The circular tours and coach drives which run from many of the towns in South Devon through the most noteworthy portions of Dartmoor will be found to include all the principal points of interest in the moorland district, and can be arranged either in accordance with the taste of the traveller or the time at his or her disposal. What will suit admirably the ordinary excursionist or the seeker after picturesque scenery, and the pleasure accruing from a drive through the most exhilarating air in all England, may be found inadequate by the angler, the geologist, the botanist, the antiquary or the ecclesiologist, who discovers that throughout the length and breadth of Dartmoor—

" In many a green and solemn place,
Girt with the wild hills round,
The shadow of the Holy Cross
Yet sleepeth on the ground."*

Allusion has already been made to the attractions of Yelverton as a holiday resort and place of residence.† The name is only a corruption of Elford-town, but the family from which it was originally

* " The Ancient Stone Crosses of Dartmoor and its Borderland," by W. Crossing, Exeter, James G. Commin

† *See* page 67

Old Water Mill, Bovey Tracey

Haytor Rocks

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor.

Old Almshouses, Moretonhampstead.

derived has been long since extinct, although their " windstraw," or granite threshing-floor, can still be seen at Longstone in Sheeps Tor. It is in this locality that the exigencies of the Plymouth Corporation called a lake into existence. Yelverton is a good hunting-centre, there being several meets in the immediate neighbourhood. Sheeps Tor has its historical romance, for Squire Elford hid himself from the Roundheads in Pixy Cave near its summit, in the days when the place was still known as Sheltes Tor, from the Celtic " syth " or sheep. Near the church are St. Leonard's Well and the remains of the old bull-ring, an institution which also flourished at Ashburton. Burra Tor was the residence of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who is buried in Sheeps Tor churchyard. Burra Tor was presented to the Rajah by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and some other friends. The whole district is exceedingly interesting ; good accommodation will be found both in village inns and farm houses, and in the ascent of Deancombe and other similar excursions the hardy pedestrian can find pleasurable employment for a week or even longer.

It is a far cry from Yelverton on the west to Newton Abbot on the east, but the Plymptons, Ivybridge, and South Brent in the southern borderlands have already been spoken of, while Princetown, Two Bridges, Dartmeet, and other places can more conveniently be considered in connection with the expeditions of which Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Manaton, Bovey, Moretonhampstead or Chagford are made the practical starting-points, even if the Dartmoor " round " be carried out during a sojourn at Exeter, Torquay or Plymouth. From Totnes a branch line runs up the delightful Dart Valley to Buckfastleigh and Ashburton, while from Newton Abbot, often facetiously described as " the highroad to everywhere," and in reality a veritable " parting of the ways," one can journey by rail to Bovey Tracey, Lustleigh and Moretonhampstead. Manaton, just off the beaten track, forms the apex of a triangle, with the last-named two places as its base, and Chagford is only about five miles due west of Moretonhampstead. (Moretonhampstead is connected with Chagford on week-days by a service of G.W.R. road motors.) Thus at every turn the Great Western Railway proves itself to be the natural key to all that is most beautiful and curious in Dartmoor

Newton Abbot deserves great credit for the energy and enterprise shown, by those responsible for its future, in the all-important matter of the intelligent development of its possibilities as a convenient travel-centre. It was one of the first places to produce a carefully prepared handbook detailing, not only its own attractions, but the various excursions of which it could be made the centre. In a manner it is one of the principal Keys to South Devon, for at an average distance of six miles or thereabouts one is able to reach, and that by rail, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Brixham, and Dartmouth, as well as Totnes, Ashburton, Bovey Tracey, and Chudleigh. It is a matter of legitimate pride that while enjoying the hospitality of Newton Abbot, the traveller " can see every place of note in South Devon and return in time for dinner the same day." Its population has tripled itself since 1851, and a phenomenally low death-rate speaks volumes for the efficacy of a water-supply direct from Dartmoor. The accommodation obtainable at Newton Abbot is satisfactory, and building sites are still available in the most favoured localities. Of the many champions of Newton Abbot, first and foremost should be mentioned Lord Rosebery, who has placed on record his opinion that " There are few places in the world where one could find so fascinating a transition as can be enjoyed in a drive from the greenery and woodland of Newton Abbot to the silence and loneliness of Dartmoor." Newton unquestionably offers great advantages to those bent on motor or driving excursions, while both the pedestrian and the cyclist will find themselves in an ideal spot for roaming amongst scenery which has been described as " the best and most varied to be found in Devonshire." As a place of residence Newton has much to commend it, whilst the merits of the College as an educational establishment are well known. Dartmoor may, of course, be reached with equal convenience from many other places, but it is from Newton Abbot that one should certainly go to the Bradley Woods, the Milber Woods, Compton Castle, Kingskerswell Church (with its parish stocks still *in situ* and its monuments of the Dynhams), Ugbrooke Park, Lyndridge House, Bishopsteignton, Kingsteignton, the Chudleigh Rocks and the Teign Valley. Newton Abbot promises its patrons a fresh excursion every day for three weeks.

Of the town itself the great architectural glory and historical landmark is " the very neat and fair house " built in early Stuart times by Sir Richard Reynell, and known ever since as Ford. Charles I stayed there during the brief summer which preceded the Civil War, in the course of which Ford changed hands no less than three times. It eventually became the property of the Courtenays, and after the landing of William III at Brixham, in 1688, he used Ford House as a temporary residence, and there issued his first proclamation to his future subjects. On the remains of the ancient granite Market Cross may be read an inscription stating that " The first declaration of William III, Prince of Orange, Glorious Defender of the Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England, was read on this pedestal by the Rev. John Reynell, Rector of this Parish, 5th November, 1688," and it was from Ford that the Prince's force set out on its bloodless march to London through Exeter. The procession appears to have been a very imposing one, for Lord Macclesfield was attended by two hundred negroes, wearing embroidered caps with white fur and plumes of feathers, while next came two hundred Finlanders in bearskins, with black armour and broad-swords. After them followed no less than fifty gentlemen and as many pages attending, the Prince's banner inscribed " God and the Protestant Religion." William himself was mounted on a milk-white charger in complete armour, highly wrought, with a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helmet, and forty-two running footmen by his side. Almost as interesting as Ford is Bradley House, one of the most curious specimens of a fortified mansion on a small scale now in existence. It dates from the fourteenth century, and though it has been rebuilt a great deal of the original structure still remains. In the chapel are to be seen the sculptured shields of Courtenay, De Englescheville, Bussel, Ferrers, and Bishop Lacy, as well as an ancient confessional in the western wall.

Bovey Tracey, only six miles to the north-west of Newton Abbot, shares with it many advantages as a starting-point for tours across Dartmoor. Its church is rendered exceptionally interesting by a series of quaint epitaphs placed there in the reign of Charles II, by the then vicar, commemorative of Archbishop Laud and other Anglican martyrs. Tradition ascribes the foundation of the ecclesi-

astical buildings at Bovey to the piety of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas á Becket ; but the legend is denounced as " baseless " in the " Dictionary of National Biography," which gives the year 1173 as the date of his death at Cosezna. We shall hear more of Tracy at Ifracombe and elsewhere. At Bovey Tracey the traveller is within four miles of Haytor Rocks, while about the same distance in the opposite direction are the Chudleigh Rocks and Cavern. " Pixies' Parlour " and Chudleigh Cavern, both of them caves in the cliff of blue limestone at Chudleigh, and already spoken of, were visited by S. T. Coleridge nearly a century ago, and mention of them is made in his verses. The valley between Bovey Tracey and Moretonhampstead is exceedingly beautiful, the richness of the wooded glades contrasting strangely with the comparative desolation which awaits you. Lustleigh and Manaton, which are passed on the way to Moretonhampstead, are both renowned for their picturesque beauty ; but for Mr. Baring-Gould, Moretonhampstead with its whitewashed cottages, thatched roofs, quaint almshouses, and primitive appearance, offers ideal headquarters for Dartmoor excursions. During the last quarter of a century, Moretonhampstead and Chagford have rapidly increased in popularity, and there is now a road motor-car service between the two places. Whether you stay at one or the other, the glorious defile of the Teign, one of the most charming of Devonshire's many rivers, must not be missed. A walk to Fingle Bridge is delightful, and on the way thither the Logan Stone, no longer capable of movement, may be seen, while close to it a glimpse of Whiddon Park, a fine old house buried amongst forest oaks and other trees, may be obtained. Moretonhampstead, Mr. Baring-Gould tells us, was once a purely moorland town, and the bold ridge which runs from Hell Tor and Hennock to the east was till comparatively recently covered with furze and heather.

It is in a Moretonhampstead street that Mr. Baring-Gould and Mr. Blackmore figuratively shake hands, for " The Dancing Tree " of Moretonhampstead, described by the former, figures extensively in the latter's novel of " Christowel." The tree was an elm, and grew out of the basement of the old Village Cross, the lower steps of which engirdled the trunk with fragments of the head of the cross just below. The Dancing Tree was also known by the name of " The Cross Tree,"

and was already an institution on the 4th of June, 1800, when King George III's birthday was locally celebrated by a concert and ball. Some years later the French officers who were prisoners on parole at Moretonhampstead gave a concert in the same place. The ancient elm was considerably damaged by the great storm of October 1st, 1891 ; but, after throwing forth vigorous sprays, it finally came to grief, and has been replaced by a youthful but less imposing looking fir. Moretonhampstead was the birthplace of George Parker Bidder, the well-known calculating boy. Mr. Baring-Gould lays stress on an expedition from Moreton to Grimspound, the prehistoric enclosure on the slope between Hookney Tor and Hemeldon. Its circumference measures over fifteen hundred feet, and it was probably erected as a protection against wolves. Antiquaries will be interested to learn that on the hill-top above Grimspound is a cairn surrounded by a ring of stones, and containing a kistvaen—a sepulchral chamber, smaller than a dolmen—in the centre. By ascending Hemeldon the great central Trackway already alluded to may be reached, and it may be traced across Dartmoor for a considerable distance. Technically speaking, the whole of Dartmoor Forest is in Lydford parish, and the great central Trackway must not be confused with the lychway or " Corpse Road " along which the dead were borne to burial at Lydford, until in 1260 episcopal licenses were granted to allow burials as well as baptisms amd marriages at Widdecombe. " Bowerman's Nose," a huge pile of granite rock, left standing on the hill-side, may be visited from either Moreton, Manaton or Lustleigh ; but while staying at either of these places, one should certainly drive to Christow Church, in the beautiful Teign Valley, and, crossing the river, inspect that of Ashton, which possesses an admirably preserved screen covered with paintings. It was from Ashton that came the beautiful Miss Chudleigh, who, as Duchess of Kingston, was tried for bigamy in Westminster Hall in 1778. Another favourite expedition in the north-east corner of Dartmoor is that to the Becky Falls, one of the finest of Dartmoor's natural curiosities, in which a mountain stream rushes over a bed of huge rocks and boulders.

To the south of Grimspound and Bowerman's Nose, to the west of Haytor and Rippon Tor, and to the east of Webburn, is Widdecombe,

lying on the moorland stream which rises at Hemeldon, and which Mr. Blackmore has also used very effectively in his novel of "Christowel." Widdecombe (occasionally spelt Withycombe and often Widecombe), is situated at the bottom of a deep valley, "walled up to Heaven on the west by Hemeldon, while the morning sun is excluded by a bold line of Tors on the east." In winter the inhabitants of Widdecombe are said to be as much closed in as Noah was in the Ark. The church, often called the "Cathedral of the Moors," to which access is gained by a road literally almost as steep as the side of a house, is exceedingly beautiful, and monuments there commemorate a phenomenal thunderstorm which overtook the village during the seventeenth century, about which some exceedingly rare tracts have been republished. Its stately tower has been compared to that of Magdalen College, Oxford, as regards grace of proportion, and is doubtless entitled to rank both in the matter of sharpness and finish of details with the finest towers of the West. In 1638, the Rev. G. Lyde, then Rector of the parish, wrote :—

"In Devon lyeth a parish wide and long,
Called Widecombe, where pleasant rivers glide.
. . . . . .
Much hidden treasure lies in mines of tin,
Which have erected such a tower in height
For strength and beauty comely to the sight,
That like in country seldom hath been seen,
So well contrived artificial been."

If, however, Widdecombe is better known than any other place in either Dartmoor or its borderlands, it is on account of the popular song which for all time will perpetuate the memory of the old grey mare lent for the purpose of going to Widdecombe Fair by one Thomas Pearse, and commencing with the lines :—

"Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon
Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobleigh and all."

It is difficult to point out a more instructive excursion, as far as a general impression of Dartmoor scenery is concerned, than that of

Two Bridges, Princetown.

Rippon Tor.

Chagford.

The Gateway, Grimspound, and Hookney Tor.

Two Bridges. In the vicinity is some of the best fishing on the Cowsick and the West Dart. At Two Bridges you are quite close to Princetown. The great convict station here is far less conspicuous than one would imagine, but a feature in the landscape is still formed by some old buildings belonging to the time when Mrs. Hemans wrote :—

> " Captives of Britannia's country,
> Here, from their lovely climes afar,
> In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded throng,
> Dragged out ambition's chariot-wheel so long,
> To die because a despot King clasped
> The sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp."

Between the time when you commence a motor tour at Moretonhampstead and that at which you halt for lunch at either Two Bridges or Princetown, you should have become well versed in the folk-lore and legendary history of the moors, for you will have passed such well-known landmarks as Bee Tor Cross, Warren Tor, Hartland Tor, and Post Bridge (one of the characteristic " clapper-bridges "), and it is quite possible to leave Princetown early in the afternoon and reach Ashburton before dusk. Turning out of the Ashburton Road, about half a mile from Princetown, is Wistman's Wood, the celebrated dwarf oaks of which can claim a quite exceptional antiquity. The drive is for the greater part one of extraordinary interest, for, after passing almost close to Bellever Tor and before you arrive at Yar Tor you come to Dartmeet, the beauty of which has been already alluded to. The road from this point crosses several hills of unusual steepness, lying between Widdecombe, the Webburn rivers, and the united Dart. The scene now suddenly changes, and before you arrive at Ashburton you will have passed one of the most beautiful sylvan districts to be found in the whole of Devonshire. Holne Chase, as well as Ashburton and the country of Charles Kingsley and Robert Herrick, will be spoken of in the next chapter.

X.—Dartmoor, and the Upper Dart, Holne Chase and Ashburton.

In the footsteps of John Dunning and William Gifford (Ashburton), John Ford (Ilsington), Charles Kingsley (Holne), Robert Herrick (Dean Prior), the Benedictines (Buckfastleigh) and James Anthony Froude (Dartington).

IF Lynmouth, Lynton and the Lyn Valley can, with every show of reason, claim to be a British Switzerland, surely the greater part of the delightful stretch of river and woodland lying between Dartmeet and Ashburton is entitled to rank as the Devonian Highlands? Ashburton, as a travel-centre, possesses advantages of the highest order. It is not only in direct railway communication with both the East and West, but to a natural position of almost incomparable loveliness it adds all the advantages which belong to a singular wealth of historical and antiquarian interest. It has often been called "The Gate of Dartmoor," and one describer, who deals felicitously with its literary associations, speaks of it as " The magnificent gateway of Dartmoor Forest." If Ashburton finds no place in the index to " A Book of Dartmoor," the omission is amply atoned for in " A Book of the West " (now renamed " A Book of Devon "), where ample justice is done to the pleasant centre, whence excursions may be made, which is truly said to possess " an old-world flavour about it as though preserved in *pot-pourri*." The origin of Ashburton is lost in the dark ages which preceded the Roman invasion. Some have connected the first syllable of its name with the ash tree (so abundant in Holne Chase) and the ashen log reminiscent of Christmas, but Mr. Baring-Gould cuts all discussion short by telling us that Ashburton

Post Bridge.

Bowerman's Nose, Manaton.

Ilsington.

Buckland Drive, Ashburton.

simply means the *Tun* (town) on the Ashburn, Ash being another form of Exe or Usk, i.e. water. Ashburton has or had its local laureate, and this gentleman explains the first phase of Ashburtonian history in the lines :—

> " I sing of a town on the clear-sparkling Yeo,
> Once famed for its tin, in the dim long ago
> When the Roman invader in eagerness sought
> For the store of rich wealth which its valley then brought."

Be this as it may, we know that Ashburton thrived as a Saxon *burgh* under Britic of the Golden Hair ; as a Norman *Ville* and royal borough with Matilda, the first consort of a King of England to be called Queen, as lady of the manor ; and as an English town in the days when Walter Stapleton, the practical and far-seeing Bishop of Exeter, became its patron and very often its chief resident. By this time Ashburton had attained to the dignity of a Stannary Town, where tin might be weighed and " stamped " or coined. Of all the metal so treated in 1303, throughout Devonshire, a little more than one-half came from Ashburton. The time honoured motto, *Fides Probata Coronat*, is as old as these days, and the toast " Prosperity to the Borough of Ashburton and the Trade thereof," has been drunk many thousand of times since the 25th May, 1298, when Willielmus Titela and Johannes Pope represented Ashburton at the Parliament held in the 26th year of King Edward I, at York. Ashburton and its privileges somehow or other survived the quicksands of the first Reform Bill, but it is now only the chief town of a rural division, and the political pitched battles of the Fowells and the Northcotes, the Reynells and Stawells, the Courtenays, and the Palks are regarded as ancient history. The charming old " town market " house, with its quaint arcade and high timbered roof has succumbed to the ravages of the improving iconoclast, but there are many nooks and corners to remind one of the halcyon days of the woollen trade of Ashburton, when its serges were famous all over England and even across the seas. In the 17th and early 18th centuries the chief communication between prosperous Ashburton and the great world beyond it was by long lines of pack-horses, the leader, generally " a way-wise old roadster," having a box of bells on its head. It was a decided innovation when an Exeter newspaper

announced in 1764, that "A machine [not a coach, be it noted] will set out from the New Inn (Exeter) for Plymouth every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning at six o'clock; breakfast at Ashburton going down and dine at Plymouth; and will return every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, breakfast at Ashburton and dine at Exeter, as fresh horses are placed at Ashburton for that purpose [apparently either breakfasting or dining!] and will run it sooner than any Post Chaise can. Each passenger to pay fifteen shillings."* These were

* If these Ashburton breakfasts resembled in any way the Ashburton dinners, they must indeed have been something for the passengers to remember. Turning over a curious collection of local scraps and MSS. at the "Golden Lion," the writer unearthed the following modest note of the expenses of an election dinner held there previous to the return of Mr. Walter Palk of Marley, as one of the Borough members, in November, 1796:—

WALTER PALK, ESQ., M.P. *Dr.* TO JAMES LLOYD.

	£	s.	d.
Entertainment of certain voters the day before and morning of the election	18	5	8
Dinner	36	10	0
Beer, Porter, Cyder, and Pop	4	5	0
Wine—612 Bottles of Red Port	107	2	0
14 Bottles of Sherry	2	16	0
12 Madeira at 6s.	3	12	0
2 Claret at 6s.	0	12	0
Spirits—12 Bottles of Brandy	3	12	0
7 Ditto Rum	2	2	0
15 Ditto Gin	4	10	0
Fruite	1	10	0
Sugar	1	15	0
Tea and Coffee	4	0	0
Cards	0	10	0
Storehouse shut up at half-past six o'clock after which the following liquor was consumed, viz.—			
Grog and Punch	3	12	6
55 Bottles of Port	9	12	6
Negus	2	12	0
3 Bottles of Brandy	0	18	0
Hay and Corn	1	15	0
Damages for articles broken	5	10	6
	£219	1	2

Paid 13th February, 1797, James Lloyd.

Mr. Palk's conscience seems to have hesitated at the breakages and "mine host" deducted the charge for them. At this time the whole of the electors on both sides numbered about 180 persons.

indeed prosperous times for the "Mermaid," the "Three Tuns," the "Rose and Crown" (beloved of the wool staplers), the "Barnstaple Inn" (the resting-place of the pack-horses), the "Sun" (frequented by the butchers) and the "Duke's Head," with its front all but covered by a huge fresco painting of the victor of Culloden. In August, 1779, there was widespread alarm at Ashburton. The French and Spanish fleets had been seen off Plymouth, and rumours of coming invasion filled the air. Nothing eventually came of them, but a large number of French prisoners removed to Exeter for safety were marched through the Ashburton streets on their way thither under the escort of two companies of militia and 300 volunteers.

In the Middle Ages Ashburton consisted of a royal and an episcopal manor separated by a stream, but united by a bridge. The ancient chapel of St. Lawrence, once the property of the Guild of Cloth-workers, has been converted into a grammar school, and the parish church is as ornate and interesting as one would expect of a place where, during the Tudor period, wood carving was extensively and successfully practised. In pre-Reformation times the Ashburton rood-screen must have been one of the artistic glories of Devonshire. During the eighteenth century Ashburton gave England two famous men, viz.—John Dunning, the great lawyer, and William Gifford, the great critic. The former eventually became the first Lord Ashburton and married one of the Exeter Barings.* The latter ascended from a cobbler's stool to the editorial chair of "The Quarterly Review."

Within easy reach of Ashburton is Ilsington or Ingsdon in Haytor parish. Mr. Baring-Gould waxes eloquent over the carved poppyhead benches and the quips and quirks of its first manorial lord, the original Pomeroy, jester to Robert the Magnificent, father of the Norman Conqueror, who from his coming in with the dessert, was, we are asked to believe, known as Pomme-roy, the apple king. He omits, however, all mention of Ilsington's chief worthy, John Ford, the Elizabethan dramatist, of whom so little is known outside the couplet :—

> "Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
> With folded arms and melancholy hat."

Ford, however, was a man of genius, and has won the unstinted

* "Literary Rambles in the West of England," pp. 124–5.

praise of Charles Lamb and Henry Hallam. His birthplace at Bagtor, though altered and modernised, can still be seen. It is impossible to say too much in praise of the scenery through which you either plunge into the old-world streets of Ashburton, or mount gradually by a tree-fringed, winding road to those breezy uplands where you soon realise the force of the lines :—

> " Far removed be the day, ere fashion deface
> The features and charms of this primitive place !
> The freehold of Nature, though rugged it be,
> Long, long may it flourish unsullied and free ;
> May the fox love to kennel, the buzzard to soar,
> The tenants of Nature on rugged Dartmoor."

The writer had visited Holne Chase both going to and on leaving Ashburton, and still retains a vivid remembrance of the impression awakened by the gleams of sunlight through the oaks, birches, ferns, and hollies, the varied hues thrown on the " clitters," the true Devonshire name for huge pieces of granite and spar so frequently met with in this part of the moorlands, and the Dart deep in the valley by the roadside impatiently dashing over its mossy boulders on its way towards the open sea from its small beginnings among

> " Crags, rocks, and stones confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

One writer on Dartmoor speaks as follows of this highly-favoured portion of the " Shire of the Sea Kings " :—

" There is nothing in Devonshire finer than all that upper course of the Dart which extends from Ashburton into the heart of the Royal Forest, far up towards the sources of the river. It has been compared to Wharfedale, and especially to the valley of the Wharfe about Barden and Bolton Abbey. There is a certain resemblance. Steep, wooded hill-sides, with ridges of moor and mountain, rising distance beyond distance, belong equally to both districts. And yet the points of difference are plainer than those of likeness. Hills and scaurs of mountain limestone take forms very unlike those of carboniferous dunstone or granite. The plants and insects vary. The colour of the water is not the same. The Dart scenery is, on the whole, far more Highland in character than that of Yorkshire, and recalls, perhaps more strongly, parts of the ' Lady of the Lake ' country, where the

The Dart at New Bridge, Ashburton.

Birthplace of Charles Kingsley, Holne.

Near New Bridge, Buckland Beacon and River Dart

Buckland Beacon.

mountains send out their spurs on the cultivated lands below. It may fairly be said that no one is really acquainted with Devonshire, or is entitled to judge her scenery with reference to that of other counties, until he has not merely visited, but made himself familiar with this grand region." Sir H. de la Beche struck the right note when he said: "No true naturalist or lover of wild scenery ever visited Dartmoor without wishing to return to it." At Ashburton itself nearly everything that meets the eye or ear savours of an eventful but always prosperous past. The bells which ring out so sweetly from the tower of the church, linked with the memory of Miles Coverdale as with that of Walter Stapleton, were first cast in the fifteenth century, for in the accounts of the years 1487–8 there is a charge of ten shillings and threepence for "blessing the bells," and earlier still are memoranda of collections made to defray the cost of the necessary ropes.

The walk or drive to Holne, the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, is one not soon to be forgotten. The first air that the author of "Westward Ho!" breathed was that of Dartmoor, and it was on Dartmoor scenery that his eye first rested. The modest parsonage of his childhood has given place to a more ornate successor, and he left the neighbourhood with his parents when a child, but he revisited the village in early manhood, when he wrote to his father in the following terms: "What I saw of Holne more than justifies your praises and drawings of it. The distinction and specific glory of Holne is the descent into cultivation coming down Holne Ridge, after four hours' awful silence and desolation, from Fox Tor Mire along the Titanic ridges of Cator's Beam, Anm Head and Peter-in-the-Mount, over the black bog which varies the primeval forest, the first gleam of spires and woods and chequered fields, first tinkle of the sheep bell and creak of the plough, and halloo of boys, and the murmur of the hidden Dart. I could only pray and thank God for showing me such a thing. Hazel Tor [Answell Rock] is to me the finest thing I have ever seen except the Upper Wye, which the whole much resembles (I mean from Plinlimmon to Presteign)."* To the very end of his life, when at

* Before descending into the village of Holne, the traveller should halt and scan the wonderful view over the heather-clad moors. In the background are the solemn tors rising majestically one above the other, while the Dart winds in and out like a silver thread.

Clovelly and Eversley, Kingsley loved with all his heart "that great well-head of health and life—the ancient Forest of Dartmoor."

If the old market-place, the "machines," the pack-horses, the "hostels," and (sad to relate!) the election dinners* have vanished for ever from Ashburton, the Golden Lion looks down majestically (if not menacingly) from above the portals of the roomy house erstwhile the scene of Mr. Walter Palk's gargantuan feast. Holne Chase has already been spoken of, and it is particularly well worth seeing in the late autumn, when the brilliant russet of the beech and other forest trees presents a striking contrast to the evergreen of the holly and still darker tints of the yew, and from Buckland Beacon, a little less than five miles from Ashburton, one can enjoy a superb view, ranging over the whole of the South Hams from Haldon to Bolt Head, and, on exceptionally clear days, allowing a glimpse of Portland Bill over the Teignmouth estuary and far beyond the white cliffs near Axmouth. "The main road from Dartmeet," Mr. Baring-Gould writes, "is taken till the Dart is passed at New Bridge, then, after a steep ascent, the highway is abandoned before Pound Gate is reached, and a turf drive runs above the Dart, commanding its gorge, the Holne coppice, and Bengie Tor, the high road being rejoined between Bell Tor and Sharp Tor. This excursion may be combined with a drive through Holne Chase, if taken on a day when the latter is open to the public." He adds two pieces of excellent advice to travellers who are strictly enjoined to see Holne Chase from both sides of the Dart, and not to omit visiting Hembury and Holne Chase camps, the ancient defence of the western "gateway of the Moors." Widdecombe and Bovey Tracey are often visited from Ashburton, and few people who have read and enjoyed Mr. Salmon's "Literary Rambles in the West" will resist the temptation to see something of Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh and Dartington.

Although the author of the "Hesperides" spoke of the "warty incivility" of Dean, and grumbled about the dullness of Devonshire generally, Dean Prior participates very largely in the undeniable loveliness of the Dartmoor borderland. "Westward," writes Mr.

* According to the late Mr. Justice Grantham's ruling in a neighbouring county, even election teas are fraught with dangerous consequences to the givers.

Bench Tor—River Dart—Sharp Tor.

Vicarage of Robert Herrick, Dean Prior.

The Dart from Austin's Bridge, Buckfastleigh.

Buckfast Abbey.

Salmon, " rise the heights of Ugborough, Three Barrows, and Brent Moor; northward is the noble-placed Buckfast Abbey, reminding one by its position [and now by its resurrection!] of the glorious monastic houses in Yorkshire; and the beautiful Dart winds past Holne Bridge, and Buckfast, and Staverton to Totnes, Dittisham, Dartmouth. . . . The air that blows from the moors has usually a bracing and tonic vigour, and even in summer reminds us that it comes from a land of heather, desolate firs, dark morasses; but here all is luxuriance and fertility." Herrick has already been more than once alluded to. One can hardly forgive him for having written amidst such surroundings the unmerited complaint :—

" Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire."

It almost kills the romance of such charming verses as those beginning :—

" Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;"

or the genial description of his humble vicarage :—

" Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin;"

or the touching epithet on his housekeeper :—

" In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark, here let
Spring the purple violet."

In the Dean Prior register the burial of " Prudence Baldwin, an olde maid," is duly recorded. A guide book glibly informs its readers that the poet, " whose grave is marked by a handsome monument," was restored to his benefice (and " loathed Devonshire ") by Charles II, and " spent the closing years of his life with Mistress Prue, his housekeeper, Trasy, his pet dog, Phill, his tame sparrow, a goose, a cat, a pet lamb, and some few chickens." As a matter of fact, the locality of Herrick's last resting-place is unknown, and " Mistress Prue " certainly predeceased her master, the author of the epitaph.

Buckfastleigh is on the direct line to Totnes, and within considerably less than half an hour's reach of Ashburton. Here, on the banks of the Dart and amidst scenery of incomparable beauty, is rising once more from the ruins of centuries a great monastic house, the first foundations of which were probably laid by Kynewulf, about A.D. 760, after his conquest of South Devon, and the driving of the aboriginal inhabitants beyond the Tamar. "Its extreme antiquity," says the Rev. O. Reichel, "may be inferred from the fact that Buchfeste was never assessed." The following statement in Domesday is explicit. "Bucfestre is the head of the Abbacy. It never paid geld." Mr. Baring-Gould connects Buckfast Abbey with the still older St. Petrock, while others make its history begin with Abbot Alfcoin during the reign of Canute. A generation ago nearly everything had disappeared except the foundations buried in the ground, and the "Abbot's Tower," long since converted into a secular dwelling. The stones of Buckfast had gone to make roads, bridges, and cloth-mills. The idea of the restoration of Buckfast Abbey* originated early in the last century with Père Muard, who died in 1854, but it was not until 1882 that the expelled French Benedictines became the owners of the ruins. Two years later began the excavations and restoration (the latter still incomplete, but always progressing as funds come in) which have added the final touch to the Abbey's eventful history. The rebuilding of the conventual church and the appointment of a presiding Abbot have been attended with one or two strange coincidences. The name of the first Superior of the restored Monastery was Dom Stephen Denis, Dennis having been the name of the favourite

* Buckfast derives its Saxon name, probably meaning "Deerfastness"—from the herds of red deer (once so numerous on the outskirts of Dartmoor) which were accustomed to descend to the waters of the Dart for refreshment. This name agrees also with the arms of the Abbey—a stag's head surmounting a crozier. The possessions of the Abbey were, of course, very extensive, though it is not now possible to trace them all. For the cultivation of the land in its immediate vicinity, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, were required 92 villeins, 90 bordars, and 67 serfs with their families—numbers sufficient to form quite a good-sized village. The chief industry of the Abbey was the celebrated woollen manufacture, which is carried on to this day there and at Ashburton, two miles distant, and the pathway leading across the moor from Buckfast to Tavistock, which was traversed by mules laden with woollen goods, is still known as the "Abbot's Way."

of Henry VIII, to whom the confiscated Abbey was given. His successor, Abbot Dom Boniface Natter, who perished in the wreck of the *Sirio*, was the first Abbot nominated with canonical succession to a monastery suppressed by Henry VIII. Buckfast Abbey was restored to its full rights by a decree issued by the Benedictine Abbot General Dom Maurus Serafini, on October 29th, 1902, in virtue of which decree the canonical election of an Abbot was decided on. The voting took place on November 14th of the same year, when the late Abbot Natter was raised to the dignity of the abbatial chair. The great ceremony of the abbatial bendiction, with the investure of mitre and crozier, was without any premeditation fixed for February 24th, 1903, the Feast of St. Mathias, which satisfied the various conditions laid down by the rubrics. It was not until after the date had been approved by the Bishop that it was discovered that the very same date three hundred and sixty-five years before was the last day of " community life " lived by the monks of Buckfast. Three years after his election as Abbot of Buckfast, Dom Natter was drowned, with many others, in the wreck of the *Sirio* off the coast of Spain in 1906. He had been on a mission, accompanied by Dom Anscar Vonier, who was amongst the survivors. " One shall be taken, and the other left." Dom Vonier was elected six weeks later to fill the vacant office. Under the new abbot the work of rebuilding the monumental Abbey Church was pushed forward, and sixteen years later there took place the solemn inauguration of the Abbey Church. A most interesting account of Buckfast Abbey has been compiled by Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B., an erudite historian, who has for some years been one of the brethren. Not far from Buckfastleigh is Dartington,* the Derentum of Domesday, whose rector for many years was the Venerable R. H. Froude. At Dartington were born the two illustrious members of the Froude family—Richard Hurrell in 1803, and James Antony in 1818. To Richard in some measure was due the birth of the Oxford Movement in 1833. He was a pupil of John Keble, and as a Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, brought Newman and Keble together. His health broke down, and he died at his much-loved Dartington of consumption at the early age of thirty-three. His

* *See* Chapter IV , page 49.

brother, James Anthony Froude, the historian, has been described as greater than Macaulay in depth and variety of tone, and greater than Carlyle in beauty and lucidity of style. Like Edmund Bourke, he was "one of the great masters of the high and difficult art of elaborate composition." His greatest work—which will long remain a memorial to his extraordinary ability—his "History of England from the Decline of Wolsey to the time of the Spanish Armada," was perhaps more closely criticised and created more controversy than the appearance of any other historical compilation. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with Carlyle, whose writings greatly influenced his early life. "To all who love England and her heroic memories, the parsonage of Dartington must ever be a sacred spot."* The ancient abode of the Champernownes and their monuments at Dartington have already been mentioned in connection with Dartmouth and the lower reaches of the Dart. It is now time to leave regretfully the wooded glades, limpid streams, historic sites and literary landmarks of the Dartmoor borderlands, and return once more to the not less picturesque banks of the "fruitful Exe."

* "Literary Rambles in the West," p. 127.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

XI.—The Exe Valley. Tiverton, Bampton, and Dulverton.

In the Footsteps of R. D. Blackmore.

THERE is no more delightful district in the whole of Devonshire than the fertile Valley of the Exe, which runs almost in a direct line from Exeter to Dulverton, the southern gate of Exmoor, just over the Somersetshire frontier, and in a measure the half-way house between South Devon and the Severn Sea. Although the greater part of Exmoor belongs to the sister county it would be manifestly impossible to deal with Devonshire from the holiday-maker's point of view without giving some account of it, and it must, moreover, be remembered that R. D. Blackmore was, alike by birth, descent and education, a man of Devon, and that many of the places mentioned in "Lorna Doone," "Perlycross," and the "Maid of Sker" have been clearly identified with the Shire of the Sea Kings. Before beginning a ramble in what may be legitimately called "The Blackmore Country" one may with great advantage study a most interesting volume bearing that title, written by Mr. F. J. Snell, the author of "A Book of Exmoor," published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. Mr. Snell shows clearly that Devonian life, traditions, and customs, as well as Devonshire towns, villages, and streams, entered far more largely than one would imagine into the whole of Blackmore's writings. This subject will be further referred to when Tiverton is reached, and those who desire to follow still closer in the footsteps of the author of "Lorna Doone" will make a detour eastwards by a cross-country line to see something of Uffculme, Culmstock, and Hemyock, all of them well on the Devon

side of the Blackdown Hills. The "Red Mound" and the massive tower of St. Peter's are scarcely out of sight when the train bound for Tiverton leaves the main line to Taunton and London and begins to to make its way northwards, following very closely the banks of the Exe, which receives a good many tributary streams in the course of its windings towards the sea. Creeper-clad cottages, smiling villages, stately church towers, and pasture lands of surprising richness are passed in rapid succession, but in the Exe Valley the most striking features of the landscape are unquestionably the orchards, generally laden in late summer or early autumn with red or golden fruit. As has already been said, there was a time when every Devonshire gentleman's house and every farm possessed its well-stocked and carefully pruned orchard; then for a while beer ran cyder hard and nearly beat it out of the field, but public taste has again turned and the apple trees are having their good times once more. In the Exe Valley may still be heard the rural Georgic, first set down in writing by Mr. Baring-Gould, giving complete instructions how apples are to be grown and cyder made. It will suffice to quote the following verses :—

"An orchard fair, to please,
And pleasure for your mind, sir,
You'd have—then plant of trees
The goodliest you can find, sir;
In bark they must be clean,
And finely grown in root, sir
Well trimmed in head, I ween,
And sturdy in the shoot, sir.

O the jovial days when the apple trees do bear,
We'll drink and be merry all the gladsome year.

All in the month of May,
The trees are clothed in bloom, sir,
As posies, bright and gay,
Both morning, night, and noon, sir,
'Tis pleasant to the sight,
'Tis sweet unto the smell, sir,
And if there be no blight,
The fruit will set and swell, sir.

O the jovial days, &c.

The Exe at Tiverton.

Old Blundell's School, Tiverton.

Tiverton Castle
(*From an old engraving.*)

The Fishery Ponds, Exbridge.
(*Two-year-old brown Trout rising to floating food.*)

The summer oversped,
  October drawing on, sir;
The apples gold and red
  Are glowing in the sun, sir,
As the season doth advance,
  Your apples for to gather,
I bid you catch the chance
  To pick them in fine weather.
    O the jovial days, &c

When to a pummy ground,
  You squeeze out all the juice, sir,
Then fill a cask well bound,
  And set it by for use, sir,
O bid the cyder flow
  In ploughing and in sowing,
The healthiest drink I know
  In reaping and in mowing.
    O the jovial days, &c."

So attractive is the view from the carriage windows that Brampford Speke, Nether Exe, and Bickleigh are soon left behind, and you find yourself in Tiverton, famous for three centuries as the greatest of Devonshire's educational centres, and especially celebrated in the earlier part of the Victorian era as the scene of Lord Palmerston's political contests and controversies.

The hand of the "improver" has fallen heavily on the "town of the two fords," for Tiverton, it has been stated, derived its name from having been built between two passages across the Exe and the Lowman, the latter designation conveying the same sense of smoothness or sluggishness as is implied in the terms Lomond, Leman, Lyme, and Leam. Its old name is best rendered by the first rustic you meet as "Tüverton," and this is the form in which Doomsday expresses it. In the matter of antiquity Tiverton holds its head high, and around its history an abundance of venerable fable has congregated. Blundell's School, the most interesting of Tiverton's institutions, on its original site by the Lowman, retained nearly the whole of its ancient features, with its Armada beams and an old-world-green, until 1882—the year in which the present-day school was opened. "Blundell's" was

founded in 1604, and for three centuries has taken high rank amongst the Public Schools of the land. Every year old boys return from the farthest corners of the globe to revive their memories in annual commemoration. There is hardly a station of any size in the East that does not send home an old Blundellian for the purpose. Its story is well told in "Blundell's Worthies," 1604–1904, edited by M. L. Banks, and "The Register of Blundell's School," by Arthur Fisher.

The opening scene of "Lorna Doone" passes at Blundell's School where R. D. Blackmore was a scholar, with Frederick Temple, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, as his friend and protector. Mr. Snell speaks of the late Primate as an "amateur father, and a somewhat severe one into the bargain." No one else must bully "little Blackmore" under peril of condign punishment, but years and years afterwards, when handing some prize-winner a copy of "Lorna Doone," Dr. Temple, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, admitted that he had occasionally chastised the author "by striking him on the head with a brass-headed hammer."*

It would appear that in later life he expressed no particular affection for this strenuous mentor of his school-days. "Blundell's" has certainly produced more "worthies" than any other school of the four western counties, but after the late Primate and the novelist, the best known is probably Bampfylde Moore Carew (like Blackmore himself, the son of a Devonshire parson), who was elected to succeed Clause Patch as King of the Gipsies or Beggars, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Carew was born at Bickleigh in 1693; kept a pack of hounds while at "Blundell's," and ran away from school in order to avoid a well-deserved whipping. The exact place of his death, in 1777, is unknown. The old school buildings have been converted into private residences.

The story of Tiverton is admirably told both in Mr. Baring-Gould's "A Book of the West," and Mr. F. J. Snell's "The Blackmore Country." While halting at Tiverton, as everyone certainly should do, the traveller, whatever may be the object of his quest, will find his time very fully occupied, for he must see the castle, once a great Courtenay stronghold, and Cranmore, the formidable earthwork which frowns

* "The Blackmore Country."

down upon modern Tiverton from the height above Collipriest. Then there is the great parish church of St. Peter, in which the four rectors of the four separate divisions of Tiverton were once, as Mr. Snell puts it, "co-regnant." This exceptional state of things is supposed to have originated the romance of "The Seven Crosses," related with evident zest by Mr. Baring-Gould. It is satisfactory to note that the fragments of the Greenway screen in St. Peter's, which helped to commemorate the munificence of John Greenway and Joan his wife, are preserved at Powderham, while the rood-screen, after careful restoration, has been re-erected at Holcomb. But John Greenway and his spouse have left behind them at Tiverton a more enduring monument in the shape of Greenway's Almshouses, which are still one of the most interesting features of the town, although the original buildings must have been renewed at least once, if not oftener, in their history. Tiverton has suffered so severely from fires that comparatively little of the old town remains. There were great fires in 1598 and 1612, but on each occasion the almshouses escaped, although in the latter year 600 houses were consumed. In 1661 and 1730 there were yet other fires; but the worst disaster to the almshouses occurred in 1731, when nearly 300 houses, including the whole of the street in which they were situated, were burned. One of the almsmen who failed to get out in time was burned alive, and so fierce were the flames that even the fire engines, although full of water, were consumed. Two thousand persons were rendered homeless. Nor was this the end, for there were three more fires between 1762 and 1788. It is not clear how much of the picturesque buildings erected by John Greenway in 1517 survived the visitation of 1731, but the whole of the street front of the almshouses has been rebuilt in very modern times. Yet still we may read the rhyme inscribed in bold letters under the main cornice :—

"Have grace, ye men, and pray
For the sowl of John and Jone Grenway."

Tiverton is an agreeable and prosperous town which ought to be highly popular with anglers, for there is excellent fishing in the neighbourhood. Passing mention has already been made of the Castle, which belongs to the Carew family, who inherited it from the Tiverton

merchant, Peter West, who bought it at the end of the seventeenth century. It underwent the inevitable siege during the Civil Wars, being held for Charles I in 1645. It was besieged by Fairfax himself, whose troops aided, perhaps, by treachery, had little difficulty in taking it. One of the officers of the garrison was Major Sadler, a deserter from the Parliamentary Army, who was contemplating becoming a renegade for the second time. By a singular chance the chain of the drawbridge was broken in two by a round shot. Thereupon the bridge fell down and the besiegers swarmed over it and were speedily inside the Castle. No sooner was Fairfax in possession than he held a court martial on Sadler, and he was condemned to death for desertion. He managed to escape to Exeter, where, however, the Royalists seized and hanged him for having been in traitorous correspondence with the enemy. If any man ever had good cause to exclaim "A plague on both your houses," it was Major Sadler, a traitor even to treachery. But this was merely a stormy interlude in the otherwise peaceful history of the town, which had grown rich by the manufacture of woollens, in which it rivalled Exeter itself. Tiverton was making clothing fabrics as early as the fourteenth century, and by the sixteenth great trading fortunes were being created—both Peter Blundell and John Greenway derived their wealth from this source. The woollen trade continued to enrich the town until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when it decayed. It still produces fabrics, but they take the lighter form of lace made by machinery. Tiverton is extraordinarily well endowed with charities of various kinds, thanks to the abounding prosperity of its merchant princes, although some of them have disappeared or have been reduced in value.

The "White Witch" (the substantive serving equally well for both sexes) has not yet come to be regarded as by any means an extinct species in the neighbourhood of Tiverton. Mr. Baring-Gould relates several wonderful cures performed by "Old Snow" and others, but the subject is scarcely as interesting to the average holiday-maker as the good trout-fishing to be found in the Exe and some of its tributaries, and the flourishing lace manufactory which keeps Tiverton busy and prosperous, in spite of its political extinction as a Parliamentary borough. While at Tiverton Mr. Baring-Gould

Bampton.

Bampton Fair.

Brushford Church.

River Barle, near Dulverton.

strongly insists on the propriety of an excursion to Cullompton in the Culm* valley to see "the interesting church with the fine restored screen in all the splendour of colour." Cullompton, at any rate, has had the good sense to preserve and cherish what Tiverton threw away. Close to Uffculme (which also boasts a screen) is Bradfield House, "a rare treasury of old oak carving." It is possible that Blackmore has nowadays more admirers than church screens, however beautiful and ornate. They probably will not need to be reminded that Perliton, Perlycross, and Perlycombe, are only "pretty, but deceptive aliases for Uffculme, Culmstock, and Hemyock." It was here that Blackmore spent the days of his earliest youth, before he went to "Blundell's" under the wing of Frederick Temple—*justissimus unus*. Samuel Wesley, the poet, died when a master at Tiverton School, and Mr. Baring-Gould omits, strangely enough, all mention of Richard Cosway, whose family was closely associated with the once profitable woollen industry. The large picture of "St. Peter delivered by an Angel," designed for an altarpiece and hanging on the north wall of St. Peter's Church, was Richard Cosway's gift to his native town. If not an *alumnus* of Blundell's like Martin Dunsford, John Davey, Thomas Colby, Bishop Bull, Dean Hook, "Parson" Jack Russell (who divides all the best Blundell stories with the erratic Carew), Francis Fulford, the Chesneys, and Abraham Hayward, the great miniaturist is clearly entitled to rank amongst Tiverton's most distinguished citizens and to occupy a high place on the muster-roll of Devonshire's great artists.

It is high time to regain the banks of the Exe and proceed northwards to Bampton, either by rail or by the high road through the picturesque valley we quitted for a short time on our Blackmore pilgrimage. In this favoured region the "cob cottage," so warm in winter and cool in summer, is still often to be met with, and always seems in perfect accord with its sylvan surroundings and the soft contrasts of forest, stream, and lea which meet the eye at every turn. Bampton, once pervaded by a "Sabbatic calm" and invariably spoken of as "sleepy," "slumberous," or "somnolent," appears to have

* Culm is derived from the Welsh *cull* and the Gaelic *caol*, signifying narrow or slender.

stood still, except on one day of the year, for at least a couple of centuries, in spite of the fact that it is situated on the line from Exeter to Morebath and Dulverton, and has been from time immemorial a household word to the rider to hounds and the angler. Its quarries have now " been galvanized into stupendous energy," and Mr. Baring-Gould is disconsolate, for all his sympathies lie with " Blackmore's Bampton, not the Bampton that now is." If you want to see a Devonshire town reminiscent of Queen Anne's time, go to Bampton. The mutton obtainable there and at Dulverton is something to remember. There was a castle at Bampton once, and the name Briton Street, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, recalls the fact that here, in " Beamdune, in this very street, the ancient Britons—'twas in 614—fought a great fight for freedom against the West Saxons, and there were slain of them forty and two thousand." In Bampton Church lie many of the Bourchiers (Henry VIII made John Bourchier Earl of Bath), and behind the organ are the tombs of Arthur and John Browbeare, reputed to have been giants of the " girt John Ridd " type. As might be expected Bampton is celebrated for longevity, as well on account of the purity of its air as of the high quality of its meat. Between 1645 and 1895 three incumbents held the living for an average of nearly sixty years each. " Old Bart Davy," instituted in the middle of George III's reign, survived the eighth year of that of Queen Victoria. An irreverent parishioner rudely disturbed the " Sabbatic calm " of Bampton by nailing the following distich to the church door :—

" The Parson is a wored out
The Clerk is most ado ;
The Saxton's gude vor nort—
'Tis time to have all new."

On the last Thursday in October, Bampton awakens to find itself the Nijni Novgorod of the West. Even prior to the opening up of the quarries, on this particular day Bampton could not justly be described either as " slumberous," " dead-alive," or " merely archæologically interesting." Bampton Fair is a sight on no account to be missed by those who happen to be " down Devonshire way " in late autumn. Rugby, Barnet, and Brampton Brian Fairs are all very

well in their way, but as an evident expert has pointed out, " Bampton fair is absolutely *sui generis*. Exmoor ponies throng the streets, flood the pavements, overflow the houses, pervade the place. Wild as hawks, active and lissom as goats, cajoled from the moors and tactfully manœuvred when penned, these indigenous quadrupeds will leap or escalade lofty barriers in a standing jump, or a cat-like scramble, whilst the very "suckers " have to be cajoled with all the Dœdalian adroitness with which the Irish pig has to be induced to go whither it would not." Until 1850 the yearly " dispersal " took place at Simonsbath, in the heart of Exmoor. Since then it has roused Bampton from its traditional slumbers on the last Thursday of every October. The all-important questions of " buffy bays," and " mealy noses " are beyond the ken of these pages. So also are the " summering of sheep," and the comparative advantages of the horned and unhorned specimens we shall meet with presently while crossing the moor. The average height of the Exmoor pony is 12½ hands, and it is recorded that one of them, only 44 inches high, was seen to jump out of a pound five feet six inches in height, just touching the top bar with his hind feet. On the way to Dulverton is Exbridge, where are the breeding ponds of the Exe Valley Fishery.

Dulverton is to Exmoor what Ashburton is to eastern, and Tavistock to western Dartmoor. It is not only pre-eminently the " meeting of the ways " as far as the northern uplands of Devon are concerned, but it is the head of the interesting roads which take you through the beautiful valleys of the Exe and the Barle, and then across a portion of Exmoor to the still more lovely and striking Switzerland of the Lyns. Dulverton, moreover, is not only the haunt, but the home, of hunters of the wild red deer from every part of the United Kingdom. It was celebrated before the exploits of " Parson Jack," and the appearance of " Lorna Doone." It has been famous ever since, but Dulverton is in Somerset, and the " Doone Country " must consequently be dealt with at greater length elsewhere, although, as the Rev. J. F. Chanter, of Parracombe (one of the greatest living authorities on the subject), points out, Badgworthy (pronounced " Badgery " and called Bagworthy by Mr. Snell), the traditional stronghold of the Doones and many other spots connected with their

history, are on the Devonshire side of the borderland. Exmoor can boast of a literature quite as rich, varied, and extensive as that of Dartmoor. A biography of "Parson Jack," teeming with Exmoor incidents, illustrated with a fine series of sporting plates, has been published,* and much excellent reading and useful information will be found in Mr. Philip Evered's "Staghunting with the Devon and Somerset, 1887–1901: An account of the chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor."† We are now able to explore the Blackmore country, from Parracombe to Culmstock and Lynton to Tiverton, under the "personal conduct" of Mr. F. J. Snell. Since the late Earl of Carnarvon built a modern hostelry just above the junction of the Barle, and close to the railway station, the centre of interest has somewhat gravitated in the direction of Brushford, a place of more than ordinary interest. The church there is one of the few ecclesiastical buildings in Devonshire which have come scathless through the ordeal of restoration. It stands almost in the shadow of an oak of enormous girth and extent, possibly older than the building it shelters, but still living and putting forth new branches vigorously. The road which takes you from Dulverton Station to Brushford also brings you to Combe, the beautiful E-shaped Elizabethan manor-house, the home for centuries of the Sydenhams. There was a close affinity between the Sydenhams of Combe and those of Brympton. Combe, like many other Devonshire mansions, has its ghost story, the unquiet spirit in this case being that of Major Sir George Sydenham, one of Charles I's "Knights-marshal." He is said to have last appeared at the bedside of a college friend of the late rector of Brushford, himself a Sydenham, who is credited with having successfully laid the wraith of his ancestor. Combe is an excellent specimen of the better kind of Devonshire manor-house. Quite apart from the attractions it offers to a sportsman (and it may be noted that excellent fishing may also be obtained there) Dulverton, and its immediate neighbourhood may be visited and revisited with pleasure. The late Lord Tennyson came there late in life and christened it the "land of bubbling streams." The Earl of Carnarvon

* London, Chatto & Windus. Exeter, James G. Commin, 1902.
† London, Chatto & Windus. Exeter, James G. Commin, 1902.

Bridge over the Barle, Dulverton.

Tarr Steps, near Dulverton.

North Moor Valley, Dulverton.

The " Royal Oak " at Winsford.

had assured the Poet Laureate that the " Dulverton waters were the most delicious he knew of," and the Poet Laureate realised the force of the recommendation when he sat on the wooden bridge over the Exe and saw the " arrowy river " running towards its confluence too vehemently to break on the jagged rocks. It was in sight of the Haddeo Valley and the gorgeous oak woods of Pixton that Tennyson began the Hymn to the Sun in a new metre for his " Akbar." Dulverton is one of the best travel-centres in the Exmoor borderlands, and its enterprising inhabitants gave hostages to fortune when they installed a system of electric lighting while other people were only thinking about it. It is to this old-world but well-to-do village-town, where you still find a Rosemary Lane and a Lady Street (" Our Lady Street " in pre-Reformation days), that you must go if bent on a Blackmore quest in search of some trace of Master Reuben Huckaback, " Girt " John Ridd's maternal uncle, once the proud proprietor of the " hosiery, drapery, serge, and long-cloth business " carried on " at the sign of the ' Gartered Kitten.' " There will be more to say of Dulverton and the Exe and Barle Valleys under the head of Exmoor.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

XII.—Exmoor. The Home and Hunting ground of the wild Red Deer.

The Valleys of the Barle and Exe.

AS Mr. Baring-Gould points out in the few pages of "A Book of the West" (now renamed "A Book of Devon") which he devotes to the subject of the Northern Heights of Devon, Exmoor is at once superior and inferior to Dartmoor. As a matter of fact both the elevation of Exmoor and its superficial extent are much less than those of Dartmoor, but whereas the land rises at least 800 feet before the outside limits of Dartmoor are reached, Exmoor springs, as it were, from the sea to its full height. The Tors, which form one of the greatest features of Dartmoor, are entirely absent from "rounded and lumpy" Exmoor, which in remote times, with the Black Down as its continuation, served as the great barrier to the Damnonii, the only portal being that of Dulverton. At no point does Exmoor attain an altitude much greater than that of the Bodmin Moors. The sylvan scenery to the south of Exmoor, where the valleys are watered by the Yeo, the Bray, and the Mole, may be described as pleasing rather than striking, and Mr. Baring-Gould does not appear to credit Exmoor with the splendours of the Lyn Valley, or the grandeur which certainly distinguishes parts of the tree-clad hills through which the sister streams, the Exe and Barle, flow over rocky beds to their junction to the south of Dulverton. At some time there must have been Irish settlers in these regions, as many of the words have a purely Irish derivation. The River Barle, for instance, probably takes its name from the Irish word "barlach," signifying chilly. It must,

moreover, be said in favour of Exmoor that it affords a series of magnificent views of the Welsh mountains on the other side of the Bristol Channel. The Exmoor ponies and Exmoor sheep have already been spoken of, but it is the hunting of the red deer and the fishing of the moorland streams which bring sportsmen from every quarter to Dulverton and Exmoor.

To the mighty hunter Exmoor is the Red Deer Land, for it is there that the wild stag has been hunted ever since the time of Great Elizabeth. The landowners on both sides of the border line give every facility and encouragement to the Devon and Somerset Hunt, which is regulated and largely controlled by an influential and representative committee. The area hunted over may almost be said to lie within the district which stretches from Barnstaple to Dulverton, Wiveliscombe, Williton, and Minehead, and then back again through Lynton to Barnstaple. In addition there is the outlying country of the Quantock Hills, and a further stretch from Dulverton to Tiverton, through Rackenford, Witheridge, and Eggesford. Deer are always plentiful and the season for stag-hunting extends from about August 8th to October 18th, and a few stags are also hunted about Easter. Hind-hunting begins at the end of October and lasts till the end of March, the close season being from the end of April until about the 20th of July. The popularity of stag-hunting may partly be accounted for by the exhilarating nature of the sport, and partly because it may be enjoyed at its best when Parliament has risen and mankind generally is busy holiday making. A great many stags are killed during the season, and a far larger number of hinds during the winter, the sum total reaching nearly 300 head. Black game is fairly abundant on certain parts of Exmoor, but the grouse apparently declines to naturalise so far south. The Exmoor pony is supposed to be the foundation of the English horse, and when taken into the lowland and crossed with the thoroughbred valuable polo strains are the result. The season for trout fishing on the Exmoor streams begins on the 1st March and closes in the middle of September.

Lynmouth and Lynton will, as they richly deserve, have a chapter to themselves, but it will be some time before the writer will forget the impression made on his mind by a glorious drive on a fine July day in

the company of one who knows every inch of Exmoor, up the Barle Valley to Simonsbath, to the junction of the two Lyns in that picturesque ravine, almost Alpine in its character, and then back by the road which skirts the shores of the Exe from the point where it is a tiny rivulet until it broadens out into the powerful stream which Lord Tennyson contemplated from the wooden bridge at Dulverton when it caused him to exclaim, " Time is like a river, ever past and ever future. That is an old simile and a good one." The distance from Dulverton Station to Lynmouth by the Barle Valley is 26 miles; through the Valley of the Exe it is four miles more. As you ascend from Dulverton you see before you, surrounded by groves of larch, ash, and other trees, Northmoor, the seat of Col. Dodington, and a little farther on the Higher Combe Drive reminds you forcibly of Holne Chase and the Hobby Drive at Clovelly, both of which it is even said to surpass. At this point the hedgerows are ablaze with foxglove, wild roses, and honeysuckle, while a pleasant shade is afforded by the spreading branches of the giant beech trees. At South Hill you come face to face with what one may call " the picturesque desolation of breezy Exmoor," and your companion is soon busily employed in pointing out the characteristics of the sheep and ponies you pass, and such notable landmarks as Tarr Steps,* the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the " Lorna Doone " country stretching for some distance to the west and east, as far as the eye can reach. By this time a very considerable elevation has been attained, and from Wambarrows, Dartmoor, the Welsh coast, the Wellington Monument, Dunkerry Beacon and Sidmouth Gap are all visible. Mountsey Gate and Comber's Gate are both favourite meets of the Devon and Somerset, and Simonsbath is the scene of unwonted activity owing to the shearing of Lord Fortescue's enormous flock of Cheviots being in progress. Brendon Two Gates, somewhat farther on, is supposed to mark the western end of the Doone Valley, and a prospect of rocky wilderness is bounded only by Hangman's Hill above Combe Martin far away to the west. Scob Hill Gate and Barton Steep are soon left behind, and you find yourself almost suddenly

* Tarr Steps form one of the wonders of Exmoor. The bridge is 180 feet long and consists of huge slabs of stone averaging 7 feet in length by 3 feet 6 inches. Its origin is attributed to the Celts of the district.

The Exe at Winsford

A Meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds.

Lynton and Lynmouth from the Tors.

Lynmouth.

amongst the oaks of Watersmeet Valley, and looking down from the road, which drops with almost alarming rapidity, on the now united East Lyn and Farley Water which run at the foot of the tree-clad rocks and wooded slopes forming the romantic gorge leading to Lynmouth and the Severn Sea.

The return journey is not a whit less interesting. From Simonsbath another road is taken and a halt is called at Exford, where the famous river which gives its name to Devonshire's historic capital is little better than a rivulet. Notwithstanding this short delay the day is still young when you draw up at the "Royal Oak," at Winsford, a long, straggling thatched house with projecting windows, low ceilings, quaint gables, in perfect accord with the general appearance of a village which can fairly be described as an English Vallombrosa. On a hanging sign is apparently a contemporary picture of the flight of Charles II from Worcester, but you are informed that it is only a copy by a distinguished artist, the original having come to grief in one of the storms which in winter sometimes sweep across the Exe Valley. Winsford is within four or five miles of Dulverton, and those who have time should stay there long enough to visit the old church and the ruins of Barlynch Priory, once inhabited by a community of Austin Friars. "Shaded," as Mr. F. J. Snell points out, "by what the old charter calls 'the mountain of the high wood of Berlic,' its situation was in the highest degree romantic, and if the Prior had a lust for venery his taste might easily be gratified, for in the adjacent woods the deer would have found abundant shelter and thither they doubtless resorted to pass the long summer day under the dense foliage." The late vicar of Winsford, who resided there for just half a century, described the scene of his labours very happily in the following clever acrostic :—

"W here the swift Exe, by Somerset's fair hills,
I n curving eddies borders pastures deep,
N ear fern-fringed slope of lawn, where babbling rills
S ing sweetest music, 'mid thick foliage peep
F ive bridges and thatched roofs. The grey Church Tower
O 'er all looks down on groves of oak and pine;
R ed deer, red Devons, ponies of the moor,
D elight the traveller in this home of mine."

By the time Dulverton Station is reached once more you will have driven very nearly fifty miles, through a district full of natural charm for sylvan scenery scarce without a peer in the West Country. There will be an almost irresistible desire on the part of the pilgrim to linger among the moorland folk, and to breathe the glorious wind-swept air The angler will halt here in what is, to quote Tennyson, "a land of bubbling streams." For small trout Simonsbath, Winsford and Withypool are worth visiting, and some good fishing is generally to be found in the neighbourhood of the Tarr Steps, beneath which the Barle hurries over the mossy stones and gravel toward Dulverton.

XIII. Lynmouth, Lynton, and the Lyn Country.

A Devonian Switzerland.

NEITHER Lynmouth in the "Cleave," Lynton on the "Cliff," nor even the beautiful tracts of country bordering the Lyn Rivers East and West, owe their present popularity and prosperity, as many people imagine, entirely to "Lorna Doone" and the magic touch of R. D. Blackmore. Long before that wonderful romance made its appearance the praises of the "little haven of Lynmouth" had been sung right lustily by Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, while no less an authority than the great Gainsborough had proclaimed it to be a veritable "paradise for painters." As far back as James I's reign Thomas Westcote waxed eloquent over "the little inlet which, in these last times, God hath plentifully stored with herrings,"—the capricious fish destined to bring fortune to the Lynmouthians till their sudden disappearance caused the manufacture of warp to become for a time the principal prop of both Lynton and Lynmouth. It was little more than a century ago that the enterprising Mr. T. Litson conceived the idea of making the twin-villages independent alike of herrings and wool, and commenced building the hotels which were speedily patronised by the wealthy Mr. Thomas Coutts, the fashionable Marchioness of Bute, and a great many other well-known people. Blackmore had still to be breeched and become a "Blundellite" (as he always called it), when Coleridge declared "the land imagery of the north of Devon" to be "most delightful," while his brother-in-law the Laureate, not less emphatically, pronounced Lynmouth to be "the finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida," he

had ever seen. The De Wichehalses had migrated to the shores of North Devon from their original homes by the Zuyder Zee, long before Blackmore spelled their name with an additional "h," and drew the marvellous picture in which we see Will Watcombe, the great authority on the "Gulf Stream," living at Lynmouth, Jeremy Stickles giving his pursuers "a loud halloo" at the "founts of Lyn," and John Ridd and Uncle Reuben paying their visit to Ley Manor. Robert Southey, it is true, compared the scenery of Lynmouth to that of Switzerland, and we are indebted to S. T. Coleridge for the phrase "land imagery," but Richard Blackmore only alludes vaguely to "the little haven of Lynmouth, whose inhabitants dwell in huts, and depend for a livelihood on the curing of herrings." It was certainly fortunate that worthy Mr. Litson had fairly set the ball rolling, and that "the twin-villages" were able to take advantage of the keen interest which was soon to be centred in every locality indicated in the soul-stirring pages of "Lorna Doone."

Lynmouth and Lynton at the present moment deservedly enjoy widespread popularity with every class of holiday-maker. Notwithstanding the isolation consequent on their natural position, they are accessible from every quarter. Many travellers probably prefer the Great Western express to Minehead, and the coach journey thence to Lynmouth, through Porlock, run in connection with it, and pronounced on all hands "the finest drive in all England." The road winds through a picturesque and fertile valley to Porlock, passing on the way Selworthy Lane, a charming stretch of rural scenery, Holnicote, the seat of Sir T. D. Acland, and Allerford. A halt is generally made at the "Ship" before the steep ascent of Porlock Hill is breasted, and a climb, in which you rise over a thousand feet in the course of a single mile, brings you to the edge of the uplands which extend westwards almost as far as Countisbury. You are still high up on the purple moor when the Devon boundary is reached, and you look down on Glenthorne, one of the most charming spots on the shores of Severn Sea. Amongst the combes which alternate with the hills you soon catch glimpses of the turbulent Lyn, and begin to realise the fascinations of the Devonian Switzerland into the midst of which you plunge by an incline almost as precipitous as that of Porlock. A line of light

The Devil's Cheese Ring, Lynmouth.

Porlock.

East Lyn and Lynton.

Long Falls, Glen Lyn, Lynmouth.

railway, passing through very pretty scenery, and affording those who patronise it a delightful series of panoramic views on either side of it, unites the outskirts of Lynton with Barnstaple in the North Devon hinterland and has intermediary stations at Chelfham, Bratton Fleming, Blackmoor, Parracombe, and Woody Bay. The Exe Valley Line takes you, in little more than an hour, from the Great Western Station at Exeter to Dulverton Station, from which* a drive of 26 or 30 miles, either through the Exe or the Barle Valley, takes you across Exmoor and through East Lyn Cleave to Lynmouth. The Dulverton coach, once a very popular institution, runs no longer, but the drive can be easily arranged for at either end. A motor coach runs daily from July to September 30th, leaving Lynton about 9.30 a.m. for Dulverton Station, returning to Lynton after the arrival of the 12.0 noon train from Paddington (about 4.10 p.m at Dulverton.) There is also a service to Ilfracombe *via* Parracombe, Combe Martin, and Watermouth Castle. The Minehead motor coaches "Lorna Doone" and "Red Deer," in connection with the Great Western Railway, run twice daily. Chars-à-banc from Lynton and Lynmouth always convey passengers to the meets of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham, Yeanor Moor, Brendon Two Gates, Hawkcombe Head, and elsewhere. The low charges made for all these excursions are worthy of imitation.

The "twin-villages" illustrate very forcibly within a circuit of less than half a dozen miles that strange diversity of climatic and other conditions which characterises Devonshire as one of England's pleasantest playgrounds. One might pass the day in the Lynmouth lowlands and sleep in the more bracing air of the Lynton highlands or *vice versa*. The sanitary condition of both is irreproachable, and to the purity of the water supply must be attributed the phenomenal healthiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of both the Cleave and the Cliffs. Lynton and Lynmouth have all the possibilities of a winter season, and these are greatly increased by the presence of the cliff-railway which now unites both places and obviates the necessity of the once dreaded "scramble skywards" by the coach road, or the somewhat less steep ascent through the wooded slopes by the zigzag path. For the possession of the Cliff Railway, Lynton and Lynmouth have chiefly

* *See* Chapter XI.

to thank the late Sir George Newnes, whose house crowned one of the peaks of Holiday Hill. The fine old parish church at Lynton is dedicated to St. Mary. The musical services there are of a very high order, but "revel cake" and "revel beer" are presumably things of the past.* Long after John Ridd, Jeremy Stickles, and Will Watcombe were gathered to their fathers, Lynton Feast held its own for a whole week from the first Sunday after Midsummer Day. Mr. Snell tells us that "when the congregations emerged from the parish church, there awaited them near the gate a barrel of beer, and the majority of the worshippers were speedily 'at it,' quaffing a glass or discussing revel-cake—a special confection made of dark flour, currants, and carraway seeds." This was followed by wrestling matches for silver spoons and other prizes, but the Lynton "revel" in any case is now as dead as Queen Anne or those who took part in its athletic contests. Mr. Snell says it became obsolescent and then obsolete, which amounts pretty much to the same thing. The Wichehalses once owned the manor-house at Lynton, standing on the site of the building now known as Lee Abbey, close to Duty Point, famous for the far-reaching prospect it commands in all directions over the sea, the heather-clad hills, the Valley of Rocks and the oak groves of Woody Bay. In "Tales from the Telling House," Blackmore recounts the story of a family tragedy, mentioned still earlier in Cooper's "Guide to Lynton." On the south side of Lynton Church is to be seen the monument of Hugh Wichehalse of Ley, "who departed this life, Christide Eve, 1653 *æt* 66." His virtues are extolled in two-and-twenty lines of verse from which we learn something of the merits of the Wichehalses :—

> "Rare Paterns of blest Peace and Amity
> Models of Grace, Emblems of Charity
> Rich Talents not in niggard napkins Layd,
> But piously dispensed, justly payd."

The Blackmore pilgrim should see this after rereading the fifteenth chapter of "Lorna Doone."

It is all very well to talk about "turning scenery into shekels" (the alliteration is almost as happy as the "niggard napkins" of the pious

* "The Blackmore Country."

Cherry Bridge, Lynmouth.

Rockford, Brendon.

Lynmouth Harbour and Foreland.

Wichehalses), but few places have been so little vulgarised during their rapid rise into public notice and favour as Lynton and Lynmouth. The hotel and other accommodation for visitors at both places leaves nothing to be desired, but Lynmouth retains many of its ancient landmarks, and visitors from Bristol and Cardiff must still land in small boats, and that operation is not always a particularly pleasant one. The bathing is fairly good, and the requirements of the golfer have received due consideration, but the paramount attractions of the " twin-villages " as a travel-centre lie in the marvellous environment, the absolute purity of the air and water, the strange and striking diversity of the landscapes and seascapes, the old-world features which have survived the up-to-dateness of the twentieth century, the proximity of Exmoor, with its combes, " cleaves," and rivers ; the fascination of the red deer, the ponies, and the native-bred sheep ; and last, but certainly not least, the excellent freshwater and deep-sea fishing procurable at an almost nominal price. The quality of the last-mentioned form of sport should help Lynmouth to enjoy the winter season to which it is beyond doubt entitled. The name of Cecil Bevan will always be honourably associated with the annals of the Lynmouth lifeboat, as well as with the notable achievements of the " Kingfisher " in the matter of sea-fishing. A skate turning the scale at 146 lbs. is by no means the largest he has caught. Mr. Bevan's photographs commemorating the most remarkable " catches " are as interesting as the row of monster pike to be seen at Torcross. The trout fishing on the Lyn commences almost opposite Mr. Bevan's door, and if the fish do not as a rule " run large " they are sufficiently abundant to tempt one further afield to try the Badgworthy Waters in the midst of scenery which an expert pronounces to be beautiful enough " to make every ½-lb. trout seem a noble two pounder."

It is manifestly impossible to mention, much less to describe, half the " sights " of Lynton and Lynmouth, or the excursions by land and sea which await the pleasure of those who resolve to " holiday make " in the " twin-villages." Full information is readily obtainable at all the chief hotels, and the local guide-books are more than usually informative and trustworthy. " Advance " is the motto of those interested in the future of Lynton and Lynmouth, as well as that of Australia.

The cliff-railway marked one epoch in their history, and the opening of the light line to Barnstaple another. A pilgrimage to this most interesting portion of the Blackmore country will be rendered still more enjoyable by a careful perusal of the chapter in Mr. Snell's book dealing with the Mouth of the Lyn. It will, in all probability, induce the traveller to devote an hour or two to Parracombe on his way to Barnstaple,* and to make one or two special Blackmore excursions from Lynmouth, including the home of the Doones of Badgworthy. Sojourners in the "twin-villages" would do well to bear in mind Miss Gratiana Chanter's observation that "to follow one of these tiny Exmoor streams from its birth to its end, is a dream of delight to those who love to be alone with nature and her many marvels." The East Lyn† rises above Oare, John Ridd's birthplace, and after flowing in a north-westerly direction unites at Malmsmead with the Badgworthy Water and its tributaries. From this point commences the pilgrimage to the interesting Doone Valley, which is *de rigueur* with every visitor to Lynton and Lynmouth.

To reach the Doone Glen from the "twin-villages" we pass by Brendon, itself redolent of Blackmore's romance. It was in the hamlet of Bridgeball in this parish that Major Wade, one of the leaders of "King Monmouth's" rebellion, was captured after the battle of Sedgmoor. Farley Farm, in which he lay concealed, has been pulled down and rebuilt. Wade, who was severely wounded by his captors, was eventually pardoned, and lived to show his gratitude to the plucky woman who induced the Farley farmer to give him an asylum by settling an annuity upon her. Another interesting excursion is to Countisbury, the very next parish to Lynton. The derivation of the name is as interesting as it is obvious—the "bury" or "camp" of the headland: Cant-ys-bury. This Countisbury is first cousin to Kinterbury, near Plymouth, and the illustrious Canterbury itself. Countisbury is a scattered and weather-beaten little village on the summit of a steep road—just a common, a few cottages, a church, a school, and an inn. But beyond the village we come to Countisbury

* The trains on the light railway between Barnstaple and Lynmouth stop, if so desired, at Parracombe Halt.

† *See* Chapter XII.

Castle Rock, Lynton

Valley of Rocks, Lynton.

Glen Lyn, Lynmouth.

Lynmouth Pier.

Foreland, with its modern and up-to-date lighthouse. From the summit of the Foreland we look right down upon Lynmouth Bay, and in the far distance one may, in certain states of the atmosphere, see the coast of South Wales on the other side of the Bristol Channel.

The picturesque confluence of the Farley Water and East Lyn at Watersmeet is in no way unworthy of the poetry inherent in the very name. It is not till you arrive in Lynmouth that the rush and roar of a cataract over huge boulders and through a chasm of grey rock, at an incline of at least one foot in five, proclaim the presence of the West Lyn, now on the point of uniting with the sister stream almost within sight of the blue waves of the Channel. Mr. Snell's vivid description of the scene is well worth remembering: "Clothing the sides of the ravine are oaks and beeches and thickets of underwood, while ferns of the most exquisite sorts fringe the banks." Glen Lyn is deservedly one of the great sights of Lynmouth :—

"Here are mosses deep
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledges the poppy hangs in sleep."

"The Valley of Rocks" at Lynton has been one of the wonders of Devon ever since the Bishop of Ossory came there with the Dean of Exeter towards the end of the eighteenth century. It was known long before that as "Danes Combe," the "Danes" or "Denes" meaning dens or hollows. Southey speaks with enthusiasm of its grandeur, saying that it made him feel for the first time the "sublimity of solitude." The pile of stones known as the "Devil's Cheesewring" marks the whereabouts of the abode of the witch Mother Meldrum, spoken of in the seventeenth chapter of "Lorna Doone" as having been consulted by John Ridd.* "The Valley of Rocks" is approached by the beautiful North Walk, and most pedestrians include "Duty Point" in the same excursion. One of the latest and most appreciative describers of the northern coast of Devon and Cornwall appears to have been quite as strongly impressed with the weird majesty of the "Valley of Rocks" as Southey was in the early days of the nineteenth

* All authorities do not agree on the correctness of this identification. Castle Rock is also pointed out as the site of Mother Meldrum's dwelling.

century. In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," Mr. A. H. Norway writes that the scene is one of "a wild and desolate waste of shattered and riven stone, out of which one peak, the Castle Rock, drops sheer into the sea from a vast and dizzy height," and is finely broken with jutting cairns of granite over all its grassy slopes. "The valley is full of savage dignity and grandeur; and on this coast where magnificence of rock forms is comparatively rare and the headlands sweep down for the most part rounded and grassy to the sea, it forms a welcome interlude among the long succession of what are rather spurs of moorland thrust out into the sea than the promontories of a true coast line." Enough, it is hoped, has been said to induce the reader to choose the "twin-villages" for a holiday-jaunt, either in summer or winter. While the invalid will revel in the recuperative powers of the invigorating sea-breezes and Exmoor air, the "mighty rider," the fisherman, the golfer, the botanist, and the antiquary will discover daily fresh fields for activity and amusement. To those only in search of change and rest the opportunities afforded by Lynton and Lynmouth are almost unique. It must be remembered that the greater part of the Minehead coach drive (including Porlock) belongs of right to Somerset, while Combe Martin and its silver-mines may be more appropriately spoken of under the head of Ilfracombe.

XIV.—The Hinterland of Exmoor.

South Molton.
Barnstaple, the Capital of North Devon.
Charles Kingsley's Country.

IF a straight line be drawn from Taunton to Bideford and from Lynton to Chulmleigh it must pass through South Molton, an old-world town of the Bampton type in the very centre of the Exmoor Hinterland. South Molton is without doubt what Mr. Snell calls "an important hub of Blackmore associations," and every votary of the great novelist must halt there either going to or coming from Dulverton or Lynmouth. A visit to South Molton is all the more easy because it is on the Great Western Line from Taunton to Barnstaple. There is a good deal to interest the traveller at South Molton. In the first place it has a fair not quite so famous as that of Bampton, but for all that distinguished by sundry ancient customs. The church at South Molton is famous for its amazing gargoyles, and an oft-quoted local proverb runs: "South Molton for strength; Chittlehampton for beauty." It was at South Molton, in 1655, that Hugh Groves and John Penruddock proclaimed King Charles. A bloody fight ensued in the churchyard, then, as now, adorned by lime tree avenues, which ended in the capture of the two Cavalier chiefs who expiated their temerity on a scaffold at Exeter. It was also in South Molton Churchyard that Carew revenged himself on the local bellman by appearing to him as a ghost. Squire's Free School, once a famous seminary, is now deserted, but a miniature of the founder is still attached to the chain of the Mayor, who wears the most gorgeous robes and maintains the most imposing state of all the Devonian chief magistrates. There are several interesting places in the neighbourhood of South Molton,

including Whitechapel Barton, the ancient residence of the Bassetts. In "Lorna Doone," South Molton is spoken of as "a busy place for talking," and it is presumably for this reason that Mr. Snell dubs it "Gossip Town."

Barnstaple on the Taw, locally called "Barum," as Salisbury is still often spoken of as "Sarum" and Shrewsbury as "Salop," is one of the most ancient towns in England, and by no means one of the least picturesque. Its claim to be the ancient Roman city of Artavia has, it is true, never been made good; but on the other hand, it has never been disproved. Athelstan is said to have given it a charter as far back as 928, and to have repaired its walls a few years later—the Keep Mound is all that is left of the Castle he is supposed to have built; but it was neither fortifications nor charters, but roads which gave Barnstaple its early importance. It has always been the centre of a number of ancient roads, some of them Roman, connecting the interior more or less closely with the sea; in North Devon all roads lead to Barnstaple, and it is truly, as well as in name, the Capital of that large district. It has, in fact, all the air of a provincial metropolis, and its atmosphere of solid prosperity makes a very pleasant impression upon the visitor. Thus a town which had its own Mint a thousand years ago, and returned its own member of Parliament from 1295 to 1885, which contributed its share, in ships and men, to the destruction of the Armada, and possessed a Mayor almost as early as London, has much upon which to plume itself.

The town is reasonably proud of its municipal history. As early as the middle of the fourteenth century it was important enough to be called upon to send ships to aid in that invasion of France by Edward III which resulted in the battle of Crecy. The five vessels which Barnstaple fitted out towards the discomfiture of the Armada are represented in the Mayoral Chain; and there are not many boroughs whose records go back to 1339, only twenty years or so after the parish church was built, or rebuilt. St. Peter's, like Chesterfield Church, has a leaning spire, there being an obvious list to the south. It is fortunate enough to possess a chasuble which belonged to it before the Reformation. Part of the borough is in the parish of Pilton, which also has an interesting church, with a wonderful carved font-canopy, a

Barnstaple.

South Molton Church.

Kingsley's Statue, Bideford.

Pebble Ridge, Westward Ho !

famous peal of bells, a preacher's hour-glass protruding from the pulpit, and a curfew-bell which still rings nightly. The ancient Grammar School in the churchyard was formerly the Chapel of St. Anne. Modern prosperity has caused a good deal of rebuilding in Barnstaple, but there are still a few interesting and picturesque old buildings, and in most cases the new ones of any importance have avoided the more blatant modernities. It is, indeed, an eminently comfortable and presentable town, and although it is a very considerable manufacturing centre it manages its business with a happy absence of smoke and grime. If there was nothing to see at Barnstaple but " Queen Anne's Walk " and the bridge it would be widely differentiated from ordinary towns. The " Walk " is a kind of covered colonnade or loggia, and once upon a time it was an Exchange, where merchants most did congregate. It bears the name of " Queen Anne " because, although it was built in the time of her uncle, Charles II, it is surmounted by a statue of our last Stuart Sovereign.

There is something singularly attractive about an old bridge, so sturdy and immutable above the ever-changing stream, and the long and ancient bridge which spans the estuary of the Taw is one of the most picturesque things in North Devon. It is so massive and the old accounts of the riotous waters it had to withstand are so alarming that it seems probable that the river and its tides flow more feebly now than long ago, notwithstanding that it has since been embanked. Its date is not exactly ascertained, but it is certainly six or seven hundred years old. Until 1796 the bridge was little better than a pack-horse bridge, like the famous one at Great Heywood connecting Cannock Chase and the valley of the Trent, with a series of little refuges in the sides into which pedestrians had to squeeze themselves when strings of laden pack-horses or droves of cattle were encountered. It is, indeed, a very interesting and historical bridge, with its own estates and its own trustees.

Barnstaple has for centuries been a busy place—how busy a visit to the weekly market, on a Friday, will make manifest. Pottery is its oldest industry, and " Barum ware " is to be found in almost every china shop in England. This pleasing ware stands alone with its agreeable decoration, soft colouring, and admirable glaze. Formerly Barn-

staple waxed rich upon the woollen trade, and its baize went all over the world. In Elizabeth's time the town had its merchant princes who had grown wealthy by the "staple," and even so recently as the end of the eighteenth century the two factories of serge and baize employed between them a thousand hands. Steam-driven machinery was the death of this great industry which owed much to the Huguenot refugees who came over from La Rochelle—"our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters"—at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Gloves and furniture are now also made on a large scale.

Among these French refugees were the St. Michels of Anjou, from which family came the pretty, but silly Elizabeth St. Michel, whom we all know as the Mrs. Pepys of her husband's diary. The names of a great many of these Huguenot settlers are still recognisable in the neighbourhood, although now very considerably modified. The de Boursaquottes are now Buzzacott; the L'Oiseaus, Bird; the Roches, Roach; the Blanchepeids, Blampy. A much more distinguished native was John Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera" which made "Gay rich and Rich gay," who was born in 1685, it is believed at a corner house in Joy Street, which is still pointed out. A chair with a secret drawer which formerly belonged to Gay has of late years again found its way to the town. The poet's writings savour very little of Devonshire and Devonshire manners and customs, but when he wrote:—

> "Gaffer Treadwell told us, by-the-by,
> Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry,"

he made the mourners assuage their grief by drinking new cyder mulled with warm ginger, and there is in one of his couplets the purely Devon word "kee" instead of cow. Surely there is the true local colour of the green meadows about Barnstaple in the lines:—

> "Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean
> Sometimes like wax she rolls the butter round,
> Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
> Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
> And press from spongy curds the milky stream."

Lord Chancellor Fortescue was a native of Barnstaple and Bishop Jewell received his early education there. Sir F. Carruthers Gould,

High Street, Clovelly.

Clovelly.

The Fish Market, Clovelly.

the distinguished caricaturist, probably the best known of her modern worthies, is the son of the architect who endowed the town with many of its best modern buildings.

Only one of the five quays of Barnstaple still remains in use. The others are condemned to perpetual quietude by the long bridge which bars the passage to them. Barnstaple Fair is one of the largest in Devonshire. It is solemnly opened by the Mayor, who provides a feast of mulled ale and toast and cheese at the Guildhall. On this occasion the Elizabethan corporation plate, of which Barnstaple is justly proud, is used. Barnstaple is to-day a busy thriving community of some fifteen thousand people, and with its wealth of public parks, fine markets, and wood-paved streets, it may fairly be described as a model English country town. With the advantages of a tidal river in close communication with the sea, and of being surrounded by a large agricultural and manufacturing district it could hardly be other than prosperous.

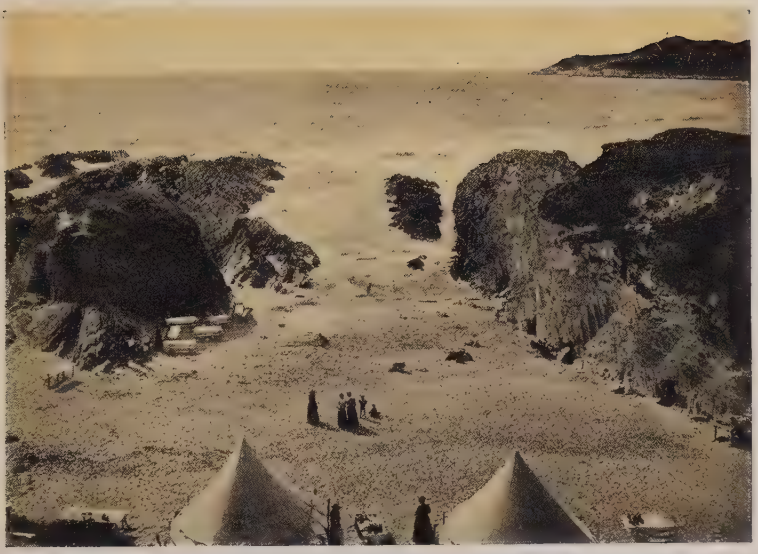
Barnstaple is a splendid centre for excursions—indeed there is no part of North Devon that cannot be reached from it in a day's trip. Close by, Tawstock should be seen for its Bourchier Tombs ; Chittlehampton for its beautiful tower ; and Atherington for the remains of what must have been one of the most remarkable of all the Devonshire screens. Umberleigh, another picturesque hamlet, was once the site of a palace of King Athelstan. It subsequently passed to John O'Gaunt, as witness the doggerel lines :—

> " I, John O' Gaunt, do give and grant
> From me and mine to thee and thine
> The Barton fee of Umberlee."

A visit to Swimbridge should on no account be omitted ; the screen in the church is magnificent and the ancient pulpit with figures in the niches cannot fail to interest the antiquary. At Littleham there is to be seen an early fresco of St. Swithin. Then more or less prolonged excursions may be made to Bideford, Westward Ho ! famous for its Golf Course, Clovelly, and the other parts of what is now commonly known as Charles Kingsley's Country. It was at Bideford that " Westward Ho ! " was written. To most other places there are excursions. Kingsley's country scarcely comes within the scope of these pages, but

probably very few holiday-makers go to Barnstaple without seeing something of the old-world town on the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, where Kingsley thought out his great romance, and which reckons Sir Richard Grenville, the companion of Sir Walter Raleigh in the exploration of Virginia and Carolina, as one of its chief worthies. The intrepid Grenville perished at the fight of Flores in August, 1591 : his last words, uttered in Spanish, are worth remembering. They are ; " Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, Religion, and honour ; whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body and shall always leave behind it the everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he is bound to do."

From Bideford there are two excursions which may be made with advantage. One is to Weir Gifford, a mediæval mansion which possesses one of the finest oak-roofed halls in England, and the other to Clovelly and the Hobby Drive. The motorist may, if he wills it, easily push on as far as Bude, and thence to Tintagel, so closely associated with the Arthurian legend. From Barnstaple a light railway, as has been before noted, conveys travellers direct to Lynmouth, while another line goes straight to Ilfracombe. It is with Ilfracombe that this brief account of Devonshire as one of the great holiday haunts of the Empire will be brought to a close.



Barricane Shell Beach, Woolacombe.

Mortehoe.

Lantern Hill and Hillsboro', Ilfracombe.

XV.—Ilfracombe and the North-west Devon Littoral.

Mortehoe and Woolacombe Sands.
Combe Martin and Parracombe.
The Eastern approach to Lynton and Lynmouth.

BIDEFORD BAY, broken in the centre by the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, has, like Plymouth, Torbay, and Topsham, played an important part in the naval annals of the "Shire of the Sea Kings." Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, has already been spoken of, but it must also be remembered that Barnstaple was one of the subsidiary Cinque Ports, and, as such, assisted in repelling the Spanish Armada.* "The local contribution to the English fleet amounted to five ships out of a total number of 197." Philip Wyott describes the manner in which they crossed the bar, "to join Sir Francis Drake at Plymo," and Stow gives us the names of three of them—the *Tiger*, the *God Save Her*, and the *Galleon Dudley*. In a later list of Barnstaple, or "Barum," vessels we find the *White Hart*, the *Blessing*, the *Prudence*, the *John of Braunton*, and the *Mayflower*. Bideford (or Barnstaple) Bay, as it appears to be called indifferently, stretches from Morte Point on the east to Hartland Point on the west, although the former portion of it is often designated Morte Bay. At one end of it we have Mortehoe, at the other Clovelly; in the centre, the estuary of the twin rivers with Appledore, Bideford, and Barnstaple on its shores. Ilfracombe lies to the west of Morte Point, on the road to Combe Martin, Parracombe, and Lynton. There is nothing depressing in the "Shore of Death," except the name

* "The Blackmore Country."

and the traditions. Blackmore introduces Braunton (on the road from Barnstaple to Saunton Sands and Mortehoe) into the "Maid of Sker," and the scenery there is delightful. It was to Braunton that Polly retired before she married old David. Whether the designation Saunton be derived from Sandtown (the town of sand) or Sancton (the town of the saints) the Saunton Sands are well worth visiting. Blackmore makes them the scene of the supposed burial of the Bampfylde infants, and the still better known Woolacombe Sands, a little farther to the north, have been associated with William de Tracy, the murderer of Thomas à Becket,* whom we last heard of at Bovey Tracey.

In Mortehoe Church (which should certainly be examined) there is a recumbent effigy of William de Tracy, rector of Mortehoe, who died in 1322, but it appears in the highest degree improbable that he was the assassin of fifty-three years before. The contrary theory, however, is supported by Risdon and Westcote. The de Tracy story is not, by any means, the only historical romance connected with Woolacombe Sands, upon which the mysterious Duke of Ripperda (lately escaped out of the Castle of Segovia) landed in 1728, before he took service with the Emperor of Morocco and elaborated a new religion, combining the principal tenets of Judaism and Islamism. Mr. Snell has many interesting facts to relate about the "Shore of Death" and the "Cape of Death," for there was a time when Mortehoe harboured a gang of wreckers, who prayed unblushingly that "a ship might come ashore before morning," and in order to facilitate the fulfilment of their impious desire were wont to tie a lantern to the horns of a cow on foggy nights so that the unwary mariner might be lured to his destruction. These practices were not wholly extinct in 1846, when Queen Victoria and King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) paid their memorable visit to the southern coast of Devon and the Cornish Riviera. Mr. Blackmore used these weird stories very dexterously in the "Maid of Sker," but Mr. Snell points out that Rapparee Cove ("Maid of Sker," chapter 45) is at Ilfracombe, to which pleasant watering-place we now proceed.

The popularity of Ilfracombe as a seaside health and pleasure

* *See* page 82.

resort dates from the early days of the eighteenth century, and has been fully maintained ever since. It is not easy nowadays to imagine what the difficulties of locomotion must have been in 1817, when Fanny d'Arblay came there with her son, who was then reading hard for his examinations at Cambridge. The facile pen which described Weymouth and Plymouth nearly thirty years before, now writes of " a long, narrow town, consisting of only one regular street . . . but offering prospects of fine hills and noble openings to the sea." Madame d'Arblay's health improved wonderfully at Ilfracombe, and she soon began to take part in many enjoyable excursions, during one of which she narrowly escaped being trapped by the tide. The thrilling adventure of Madame d'Arblay and her dog " Diane " at the entrance of Wildersmouth occupies several pages of her diary. In all probability they would both have perished if it had not been for the energy of Mr. Alexander d'Arblay and his college friend, Mr. John Le Fevre. Despite the perils of Wildersmouth and the " Capstan," Madame d'Arblay had evidently become an enthusiastic admirer of Ilfracombe and its neighbourhood before, towards the end of the Autumn, it was time to set off for Bath, where Queen Charlotte was expected to " take the waters." The Capstone (called by Madame d'Arblay the " Capstan ") is the conical elevation of shale, along the side of which the Parade has been constructed. Ilfracombe is protected by several heights or " tors," of which the Capstone is one. Below Lantern Hill stretches a pier which affords further shelter to the harbour. Lantern Hill is crowned by the picturesque chapel of St. Nicholas, subsequently utilised as a lighthouse, and later still as a local museum. Close at hand is the popular winter-garden, always crowded during the season. There is frequent communication by sea between Ilfracombe and Clovelly, as well as with Bristol, the Welsh Coast, and occasionally Lundy Island.

There is always accommodation to be found in Ilfracombe, and the tariffs will be found to be moderate. Many of the principal establishments occupy unique points of 'vantage and afford magnificent views from the windows. The list of available walks and drives is almost inexhaustible, and it should be noted that the climate in winter is very little (if at all) less mild and equable than that of the southern littoral.

Ilfracombe, like Barnstaple and Bideford, is also entitled to honourable mention in connection with the achievements of the Devonshire "Sea Kings," for it contributed no less than six ships (quite a flotilla in those days) to the expedition against Calais in 1346. It was at Ilfracombe three centuries and a half later that Colonel Wade, Captains Hewling and Carey, and other fugitives from Sedgmoor, seized a barque and vainly endeavoured to effect their escape by sea. In 1644, Sir Philip* Doddington captured Ilfracombe for King Charles, but it was soon afterwards retaken by the Parliamentarians. The old church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, dates from the twelfth century. Its font is Norman and its pulpit Jacobean, and one of its principal monuments is that of Captain Richard Bowen, slain July 24th, 1797, in Nelson's unsuccessful descent upon Teneriffe. The Bourchiers and Bourchier Wreys have always proved good friends to the town, from the time they built the pier in 1731. Sir Philip Sidney, the Martins, and the Audleys have also been Lords of the Manor. The best houses at Ilfracombe are built on the slopes of the Runnacleaves to the east, or at the Tors on the west, and the Crookhorn Cavern, to which a tunnel beneath the Runnacleaves leads, has also been said to have been the hiding place of the ubiquitous William de Tracy. A farm-house near the shore at Woolacombe is still called Woolacombe Tracy, and Dean Stanley has lent a certain authority to the legend that he was banished to the desolate coast of the "Combes" to make bundles of the sand and binds (wisps) of the same. The old Devon saying that "The Tracys"—

"Have always the wind in their faces,"

is not yet quite forgotten. It is much more likely to have been the scene of Madame d'Arblay's hairbreadth escape, although she connects it with the pretty cove of Wildersmouth. The Tors Walk affords some delightful views of the Bristol Channel.

Ilfracombe is strongly recommended as an excellent centre for sea-fishing, good sport being obtainable both from the pier and rocks. During the autumn months the angler may, with the aid of stout hand-lines, hope to capture conger, skate, and cod of considerable weight. The rod should be used for codling, rock whiting, bass, and

* Mrs. Gill says Sir Francis.

Ilfracombe, from Capstone Hill.

Torrs Walks, Ilfracombe.

Ilfracombe from Hillsboro'.

mullet. Pollack is best fished for with float tackle. "Bass and mullet," writes an acknowledged expert,* "the latter 2 lb. and 3 lb. in weight, are very frequently taken from the pier and from Perriman's Steps, under the Capstone, . . . and the sport is not to be despised. The best rocks to fish from (and anyone on the quay will tell you where they are) are the Flat Rock, Perriman's Steps, the Wrasse Rock, Samson's Cove, Hele Stone, Hooker's Stone, Torrs Point, and Britton's Rock, and woe betide the venturesome angler who casts his line from other places, for he will be punished by a certain loss of tackle if he goes out of the beaten track and attempts to find pastures new.

"For those who like boat fishing there is even better to be had than from pier or rocks. In winter huge conger, skate, and cod are taken in great numbers with stout lines and monster hooks baited with half a herring. In summer the principal fish to be taken are bream, averaging 2 lb. each, pollack (especially by whiffing from Hillsborough to Watermouth, or from the Capstone towards Lee, and I have had some capital fun in this way—20 lb. or so in a couple of hours), and bass, which last are caught in the races below Lee, off Bull Lighthouse, and to the less ambitious angler hundreds of rock whiting, some 2 lb. each, can be got on almost any day or tide with an occasional codling, or even bigger fish as well. . . . Fishing from the pier at Ilfracombe one sees Nature at her grandest—at times the spray dashes over its north end, while the wind howls over the Capstone as the white-sailed Bristol pilot cutters flit swiftly by to seek shelter in the inner harbour. Then is the time for big fish, so hold tight to your hand-line, and very likely you will be rewarded by a heavy pluck, and maybe a 20 lb. cod will shortly be flopping on the top staging of the pier. But Nature has varying moods, and I know no more beautiful sight than the setting sun reflecting its rays on grand old Hillsborough Cliff,† which towers up into the evening sky, its delicate shades of grey tinted with a blood-red glow. And if the sea angler has his basket full he will give one lingering glance at this noble cliff which rises sheer out of the sea opposite to where he is fishing, and as the

* R. Warren Vernon, "The Angler's Guide to Ilfracombe," Twiss Brothers Ilfracombe.

† Often written Helesborough.

darkness creeps on he will return at peace with all men, and inwardly resolving to spend his next sea angling holiday among the pleasant Devonians at their beautiful Combe."

There is a good ghost story connected with Chambercombe (within easy reach of Ilfracombe). Swimbridge, where "Parson" Jack Russell so long ministered, has been already alluded to, but Combe Martin of the Silver Mines is well worth exploring, either from Ilfracombe or Lynton. As a matter of fact, it is on the road traversed by the Ilfracombe and Lynton coach. It was Westcote's village and justly celebrated, both for its picturesqueness and its folk-lore, long before it received the enormous advertisement of the "Mighty Atom." Westcote speaks of his birthplace as "rich and famous for her silver mines, of the first finding of which there are no certain records remaining." Splendid cups of Combe Martin silver were made in Queen Elizabeth's time and presented to Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor of London, and William Bourchier, Earl of Bath. They both bore rhyming inscriptions in praise of "Martin's Combe," and Sir Beavis Bulmer, the worker of the mines. The levels were driven under the village, and beneath the King's Arms (the curious old mansion often described as "The Pack of Cards") runs another subterranean tunnel. Combe Martin and Martinhoe (i.e. "Martin's Valley" and "Martin's Hill") both owe their names to Martin of Tours. It is at the latter that Mr. Blackmore locates the crime giving rise to the couplet :—

> "If anyone asketh who killed thee
> Say 'twas the Doones of Bagworthy."*

Parracombe (often spelt with one r) is nearly equidistant between Combe Martin and Lynton, and roughly speaking five miles from each. In all probability it has already been made the object of a pilgrimage from Lynton. Parracombe was the aboriginal home of the Blackmores, and the clan is by no means extinct there. Mr. Snell and Mr. Page cross swords over the merits of the scenery, but surely, apart from its being *par excellence* a Blackmore shrine, there is sufficient to interest the traveller in the old residence of the Blackmores, the

* *See* page 105.

circular British encampment at Hallwell Farm, and the abandoned twelfth-century church at Parracombe itself, to say nothing of the perfumed breezes of Parracombe Common, the charming valley of Trentishoe and the purple peak of Chapman Barrow, the highest point in North Devon. There is another Devonshire proverb, as old as or even older than that about the fate-pursued Tracys. "Out of the world and into Combe Martin," betokens a degree of isolation and desolation scarcely consonant with the generally accepted legends about the success of the silver mines or the scene on the arrival of the popular Lynton coach, the humble char-à-banc, or the heavily laden motor. We cannot, however, be sufficiently grateful that the old adage inspired Miss Annie Irwin with delightful verses :—

"'Out of the world' they call thee. True
Thy rounded bay of loveliest blue,
Thy soft hills veiled in silvery grey
Where glancing lights their shadows stray.

Thy orchards gemmed with milk white bloom,
Thy whispering woodlands grateful gloom
Thy tower, whose fair proportions rise,
'Mid the green trees, to summer skies—

Viewed thus afar, by one just fled
From the vast city's restless tread,
He well might deem, when gazing here,
His footsteps pressed some lovelier sphere."

With this well-merited tribute to the beauty of Devonshire scenery in general and that of Combe Martin in particular, this account of the sunny shores, bracing moorlands and historic sites of the "Shire of the Sea Kings" must come to an end.

Other counties may excel in one or other direction, but no single county, it is safe to assert, presents so numerous or so varied attractions to the holiday-maker, rich or poor, old or young, strong or weak, as Devonshire. At every season of the year, in spring, summer, autumn and winter alike, the seeker after change, pleasure, health or sport may come to the "Shire of the Sea Kings" with the absolute certainty that his sojourn there will be both profitable and agreeable. As far as the antiquary, the artist, the ecclesiologist, the naturalist,

and the man of letters are concerned there is assuredly no more fruitful or congenial sphere of inquiry than that which Devonshire affords, and few better or more trustworthy guides than Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. Snell, and the other writers whose works have been frequently alluded to in these pages. Christmastide is scarcely associated in most men's minds with absence from home, but a Christmas spent in the soft and genial atmosphere of Torquay, Teignmouth, Torcross, Salcombe, Ilfracombe, Lynton or Lynmouth, is an experience one may well long to repeat. The " merry " Christmas of our ancestors has not yet gone out of fashion on the " sunny shores " of Devon, and throughout the whole of Devonshire the old lines still find an echo :—

" And well our Christian sires of old,
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gamble oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half a year "

It is in the winter-time and the early spring that some of the sport which Devonshire offers to strangers may be best enjoyed. Then and throughout the whole year, " bountiful nature " helps the " Shire of the Sea Kings " to make good her claim to be considered not only one of the most popular playgrounds of the British Empire, but of the world at large.

FINIS

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

INDEX.

A

Abbot's Way 78
Allerford 114
Anstey's Cove 38
Appledore 127
Ashburton .. 78, 79, 85, 86
Ashton 83
Atherington 125
Aveton Gifford 51
Avon, River 72, 74
Aylesbeare 24

B

Babbacombe 37
Badgworthy 105
Badgworthy Waters 117
Bagtor 90
Bampton 97, 103
Barle, River .. 105, 106, 108, 110
Barlynch Priory 111
Barnstaple .. 109, 115, 121, 123
Barton Steep 110
Becky Falls 83
Beeson Valley 51
Bee Tor Cross 85
Bellever Tor 73, 78, 85
Bell Tor 92
Belston Tor 78
Bengie Tor 92
Berry Head 37, 40
Berry Pomeroy Castle 49
Bickleigh (Exe Valley) .. 24, 99
Bickleigh (South Devon) .. 68
Bideford 125
Bideford Bay 127
Bigbury 50
Bishop's Court 24
Bishopsteignton .. 35, 80
Blackdown Hills 98
Black Forest 24
Blackmoor 115
Blackpool 51
Blundell's School 99
Bolt Head 50, 54, 92
Bolt Tail 54
Borough Island 55
Bovey Tracey 38, 73, 76, 79, 82, 92
Bow Creek 47
Bowerman's Nose 83
Bradfield House 103
Bradley House 81
Bradley Woods 80
Bradninch 25
Brampford Speke 99
Bratton Fleming 115
Braunton 128
Bray River 108
Brendon 118
Brendon Two Gates .. 110, 115
Brent 57
Brent Hill 57
Brent Moor 93
Bridgeball 118
Brixham 38, 39, 80, 81
Brixton 51
Broadclyst 24
Brookhill House 45
Brushford 25, 106
Buckfast Abbey 93
Buckfastleigh .. 79, 86, 92, 94
Buckland Beacon 92
Buckland-in-the-Moor 78
Buckland Monachorum .. 68
Budleigh Salterton 24
Burra Tor 79
Bystock 24

C

Cad River 77
Castle Rock 120
Cattewater 66
Cawsand Beacon 78
Chagford 76, 79, 82
Chambercombe 132
Chapman Barrow 133
Chelfham 115
Chiltonford Down 78
Chittlehampton 121, 125
Christow Church 83
Churstow 52
Churston 47
Chudleigh 23, 80
Chudleigh Rocks 80, 82
Clearbrook 68
Cloutsham 115
Clovelly 125, 127
Clyst 24
Compton Castle 38, 80
Coombe Cellars 35
Combe House 106
Combe Martin 110, 115, 120, 127, 132
Combe Royal 52
Comber's Gate 110
Countisbury 118
Countess Weir Bridge 26
Cowsick 85
Cranmere Pool 42, 78
Crediton 24
Crowndale 75
Cullompton 103
Culme John 24
Culmstock 97, 106
Culm River 26
Culm Valley 103

D

Dartington .. 49, 86, 92, 95
Dartmeet .. 78, 79, 85, 86
Dartmoor .. 38, 70, 78, 86, 90
Dartmouth .. 24, 41, 30, 93
Dart, River .. 24, 41, 46, 77, 90
Dart Valley 22, 29, 79
Dawlish 24, 80
Dawlish-Teignmouth Wall .. 31
Dawlish Warren .. 29, 33
Deancombe 79
Dean Prior .. 86, 92, 93
Devil's Cheesewring 119
Devil's Punch Bowl 110
Devonport 65
Dittisham 93
Dodbrook 51
Doone Glen 118
Doone Valley 110, 118
Dousland Barn 68
Drake's Island 66
Drewsteignton 25
Dulverton .. 21, 97, 104, 109
Duncannon 47
Dunchideock 25
Dunsford 24
Duty Point 116

E

East Allington 52
East Budleigh 24, 25
East Lyn 111, 119
Eddystone Lighthouse .. 55, 61
Eggesford 109
Erme, River 54, 58, 72
Ermington 51, 58
Exbridge 105
Exeter 8, 79
Exe, River 8, 26
Exe Valley 21, 97, 105, 108, 111
Exford 111
Exminster 26
Exmoor 97, 105, 108
Exmouth 24, 28

F

Farley Farm 118
Farley Water 111, 119
Fingle Bridge 24
Fitzford 75
Flete 56
Ford House 81
Fox Tor 91
Fulford 25
Fulford House 25
Fur Tor 75

G

Galmpton Warboro .. 40, 47
Glen Lyn 119
Glenthorne 114
Green Tor 78
Grimspound 83

H

Haddeo Valley 107
Haldon 24, 33, 92
Hallwell Farm 132
Hamoaze 61
Hangman's Hill 110
Harberton 49
Harborne, River 47
Harewood House 75
Hartland Point 127
Hartland Tor 85
Hawkcombe Head 115
Haytor Rocks .. 38, 78, 82, 83
Hazel Tor 91
Hell Tor 82
Hembury 92
Hemeldon 82
Hemyock 97
Hennock 82
Hobby Drive 126
Holbeton 58
Holcombe 101
Holne 78, 86, 91
Holne Bridge 93
Holne Chase .. 85, 86, 90, 92
Holnicote 114
Honiton 24
Hookney Tor 83

Hope Cove 54
Horrabridge 68
Huntingdon Cross 78

I

Ilfracombe .. 115, 127, 128
Ilsington 86, 89
Ivybridge .. 57, 73, 79

K

Kennford 23
Kenton 24, 25
Kent's Cavern 38
Kes Tor 78
Killerton 24
Kilworthy 75
Kingsbridge 50
Kingskerswell 80
Kingsteignton 80
Kingswear 24, 41

L

Lamerton 74
Lantern Hill 129
Lee Abbey 116
Lee Priory 52
Ley Manor 114
Lincombes, The 38
Littleham 125
Little Hempston 49
Logan Stone 82
Longstone 79
Longstream 47
Long Down 24
Lundy Island 129
Lustleigh 79, 82
Lyd, River 77
Lydford 75, 78, 83
Lympstone 24
Lyndridge House 80
Lyner, River 66
Lyn, River 113, 117
Lynton and Lynmouth 106, 109, 111, 113, 127

M

Maidencombe 38
Malmsmead 118
Mamhead 27
Manaton 76, 79, 82
Marley 24
Martinhoe 132
Maryclyst 24
Meadfoot 37
Meavy, River 77
Milber Woods 80
Minehead 109, 114
Mis Tor 78
Modbury 51, 55
Mole, River 108
Moretonhampstead 24, 38, 76, 78, 79, 82
Morte Bay 127
Mortehoe 127
Morte Point 127
Mount Edgcumbe 61
Mountsey Gate 110

N

Nether Exe 99
New Bridge 92
Newcomen Cottage 45
Newton Abbot 33, 76, 79
Newton Ferrers and Noss .. 56
Newton St. Cyres 24
Northmoor 110
Nutwell Court 27

O

Oare 118
Oddicombe 37
Okehampton 24, 73
Okement 77
Oldaport 54
Ottery St. Mary 24

P

Paignton 38, 80
Parracombe 105, 106, 115, 118, 127, 132
Pinhoe 25
Pixies' Parlour 82
Pixton House 107
Pixy Cave 79
Plymouth 61, 77, 79
Plymouth Hoe 61
Plym, River 66, 72, 77
Plympton 57, 59
Plympton Erle 60
Plympton St. Mary 60
Plymsteps 78
Plymstock 51
Plymtree 25
Poltimore Park 24
Porlock 114
Portlemouth 53
Post Bridge 85
Pound Gate 92
Powderham Castle 27
Prawle Point 50
Princetown 58, 70, 77, 78, 79, 85

Q

Quantock Hills 109

R

Rackenford 109
Rattle Brook 78
Redlap Cove 51
Ringmore 55
Rippon Tor 83
Roborough 68
Rougemont Castle 14

S

St. Mary Tavy 75
St. Peter Tavy 75
Salcombe 50
Saltram 60
Sandridge 47
Saunton 128
Scob Hill Gate 110
Selworthy Lane 114
Shaldon 34
Sharpham 47
Sharp Tor 92
Sheeps Tor 79
Sheltes Tor 79
Shilstone Cromlech 25
Shobrooke Park 24
Sidmouth 24
Simonsbath .. 105, 110, 111
Slapton Lea and Sands .. 50
South Brent 57, 79
South Hams .. 21, 43, 50, 92
South Hill 110
South Milton 52
South Molton 121
Starcross 24, 28
Start Point 50
Staverton 93
Steer Point 55
Stoke Fleming 51
Stoke Gabriel 47
Stonehouse 65
Swimbridge 125, 132

T

Tamar, River 61
Tarr Steps 110
Tavistock .. 67, 70, 73, 78, 105
Tavy Cleave 75
Tavy, River 61, 77
Tawstock Church 124
Taw, River 77, 123, 126, 127
Teignmouth 29, 32, 80
Teign, River .. 24, 77, 82
Teign, Valley of the .. 80, 83
Thorverton 24
Three Barrows 93
Thurlestone 54
Tiverton .. 24, 97, 98, 106
Topsham .. 16, 17, 21, 24, 26
Torbay 35
Torcross 51
Torquay 24, 28, 35, 79, 80
Torre Abbey 36
Torridge, River 127
Totnes 24, 41, 47, 79, 80, 93
Townstal 45
Trackway (Dartmoor) 78
Trentishoe Valley 133
Turf 26, 27
Two Bridges .. 58, 78, 79, 85

U

Ufculme 97, 103
Ugborough 93
Ugbrook Park 80
Umberleigh 125

V

Valley of Rocks 116

W

Waddeton 47
Walkham 77
Walla Brook 78
Walreddon House 75
Wambarrows 110
Warberries 38, 40
Warren, The 29, 33
Warren Tor 85
Watcombe 33
Watermouth Castle 115
Watersmeet .. 110, 118
Webburn River .. 83, 85
Weir Gifford 126
Westward Ho! 125
Whiddon Park 82
Whitechapel Barton 122
Whitchurch Down 75
Widdecombe 78, 83, 92
Wildersmouth 129, 130
Williton 109
Winsford 111
Winslade Park 24
Wistman's Wood 85
Witheridge 109
Wiveliscombe 109
Woodbury Castle 24
Woodbury Common 24
Woody Bay 115, 116
Woolacombe 127
Wrangaton 57

Y

Yar Tor 85
Yealmpton 51, 55
Yealm, River 72
Yearnor Moor 115
Yelverton .. 67, 76, 78
Yeo, River 108
Yettington 24

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Devonshire Golf Clubs.

STATION.	NAME OF CLUB.	Number of Holes.
Bideford.	Westward Ho ! Ladies' Golf Club	18
,,	Royal North Devon Golf Club	18
Braunton.	Saunton Golf Club.	18
Chagford.	Chagford Golf Club.	9
Churston.	Churston Golf Club.	18
Dawlish Warren.	Warren Golf Club.	18
Exeter.	Exeter Golf Club.	9
Exmouth.	Exmouth Golf Club.	18
Ilfracombe.	Ilfracombe Golf Club.	18
Kingsbridge or Salcombe.	Portlemouth Golf Club.	9
,,	Thurlestone Golf Club.	18
Lynton and Lynmouth.	Lynton and Lynmouth Golf Club.	9
Mortehoe.	Lee Golf Club.	9
,,	Woolacombe Bay Golf Club.	18
Plymouth.	United Services Golf Club.	18
South Molton.	South Molton Golf Club.	9
Starcross.	Warren Golf Club.	18
Tavistock.	Tavistock Golf Club.	18
Tiverton.	Tiverton Golf Club.	9
Torquay or Torre.	Torquay Golf Club.	9
,,	Torquay Ladies' Golf Club (L.G.U.).	9
,,	Torquay and South Devon Golf Club.	18
,,	Torquay and South Devon Ladies' Golf Club.	18
Totnes.	Totnes Golf Club.	9
Wrangaton.	South Devon Golf Club.	9
Yelverton.	Yelverton Golf Club.	18

G. W. R.

Road Motor Car Services

The regular Road Motor Car Services which have been organized by the G.W.R. link up many outlying country districts with the railway, thus affording the holiday-making public an easy means of access to numerous charming and ideal holiday resorts.

The large number of powerful, well-appointed cars recently introduced are of modern design, and are most comfortably equipped. The cars are also provided with accommodation for luggage.

SUMMARY OF SERVICES IN DEVON.

Kingsbridge and Salcombe.
Kingsbridge—Modbury, Yealmpton and Plymouth.
Kingsbridge—Torcross and Dartmouth.
Moretonhampstead and Chagford.
Paignton and Totnes.

Tours by Observation Cars

are usually run during the Summer months over

DARTMOOR

Affording opportunity for attractive excursions amidst unique scenery and exhilarating air :—

Bovey and Moretonhampstead Stations to Princetown and Tavistock. Bovey to Haytor Rocks. Bovey to Grimspound & Widecombe-in-the-Moor.

For Times, Fares, and further particulars, see Road Motor Booklet, or Road, River and Rail Pamphlet.

Full details will be readily furnished upon application to the Superintendent of Road Transport,

G.W.R., PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON, W. 2.

Capstone Hill, Ilfracombe.

The Harbour, Ilfracombe

Lee Bay.

Combe Martin Bay and Hangman Hill.

G.W.R.

"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" GUIDE

THE G.W.R. Official Guide, entitled "HOLIDAY HAUNTS," published annually about Easter, probably the most successful, useful, interesting and attractive book of its kind ever issued, claims hosts of NEW READERS AND ADMIRERS EVERY YEAR.

"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" describes and illustrates the whole of the G.W.R. system.

Not only are the resorts, large and small, inland and seaside, dealt with, but a comprehensive list is given of the holiday accommodation available at the various places, this being a feature which makes the book exceptionally useful to prospective visitors. This guide usually contains between SIX AND SEVEN HUNDRED PAGES, several useful maps, and HUNDREDS OF ILLUSTRATIONS. The general verdict is that the book is

THE "BEST OF ITS KIND,"

and it is recognized as a complete catalogue of the districts and "Holiday Haunts" served by the "Holiday Line."

Price 6d., or post free 1/-

The publication may be obtained at the Company's principal stations, bookstalls, and offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W. 2.

FOR IDEAL HOLIDAYS

Go Great Western

The Railway directly serving over a thousand miles of coastline offers to the holiday maker, the sportsman, the seeker after rest or pleasure, throughout its vast territory, an infinite variety of scenery and enjoyment at hundreds of resorts in

GLORIOUS DEVON, THE CORNISH RIVIERA, CHANNEL ISLANDS, SOMERSET, DORSET, WONDERFUL WESSEX, VALLEYS OF THE THAMES, SEVERN & WYE, CAMBRIAN COAST RESORTS. NORTH, SOUTH & WEST WALES, SHAKESPEARE LAND, THE MIDLANDS. &c., &c.

FAST TRAIN SERVICES TO ALL PARTS. TOURIST, EXCURSION AND REDUCED FARES DURING THE SUMMER SEASON.

WEEK-END TICKETS ISSUED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Full particulars at G.W.R. STATIONS and OFFICES, or from the

Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2.